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The Literary Digest

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Senator's Auto-Hotel

Reynolds, of North Carolina, Making a 9,000-Mile Tour

"Tell your daddy to vote for Bob Reynolds," read patriotically tricolored labels on sticks of candy Robert Rice Reynolds handed to the children when he showed North Carolina, three years ago, that one did not have to be a prohibitionist to be United States Senator from the Tar Heel State.

Then he had a rattle-trap Ford and $2 campaign fund when he charged through 100 counties to unhorse Senator Cameron M. Morrison, militant dry and overlord of a well-heeled political machine.

To many his campaign was quixotic, but it won the votes—because it was carefully planned. He had focused his eye on the Senate years before.

In 1924, he girdled the globe in a Ford. In India and Africa he got out the North Carolina voters' list. Back went bales of picture-postcards. Up in the hills, to-day, the whitewashed walls of mountaineers' cabins are decked with colored pictures of Angkor-Vat, the Taj Mahal, and Westminster Abbey sent by Bob Reynolds.

9,000-Mile Tour

Now he is making a 9,000-mile thirty-day tour of the nation, but in a neat little coupé with trailer in which the tall, blond, lean, ruddy Senator, his companion, Col. Leo Cadison, and negro servant, Elliott Green, keep camping-quarters. Their total expenses are not supposed to exceed $100 each for the entire tour.

Last week they stopped at Hyde Park to see President Roosevelt. After sightseeing in Philadelphia, they went on to New York City. Crossing the George Washington Bridge, they went north, and parked in Riverside Drive, where they blithely hoped to set up their traveling hotel for the night.

They were bedding down when, above the drumming of the rain on the trailer's roof, they heard a traffic-cop bellow: "Hey, you guys, get going." Without revealing his identity to claim Senatorial privileges, the Senator moved on.

Into a side-street they went, and, parking in front of a playground, passed the night. But for the curiosity of a woman living near-by they might have gone on without New Yorkers knowing about their stop-over. Noticing several expensive-looking cars draw up and discharge distinguished-looking passengers, she investigated, then called the newspapers.

Home Comforts

The reporters and photographers called. The Senator fashioned an apron from a towel, posed in the trailer's kitchenette, and wiped out a frying-pan which did not bear a trace of an egg. Then the galley became a drawing-room, with all the home comforts, while the Senator declaimed on Ethiopian oil-deals and cruelty to animals.

He is the author of two travel-books, "Wanderlust" and "Gypsy Trails." On this trip he can send the mountaineers cards reading: "Having a good time; wish you were here."

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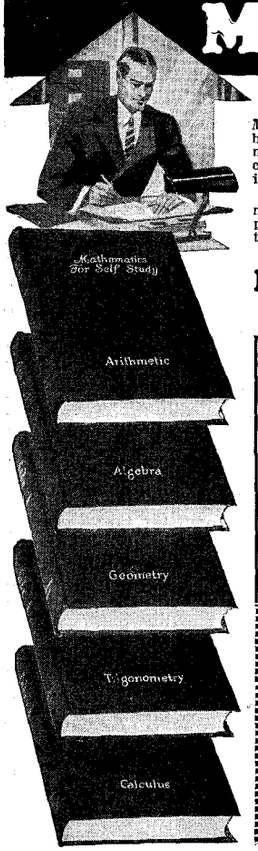

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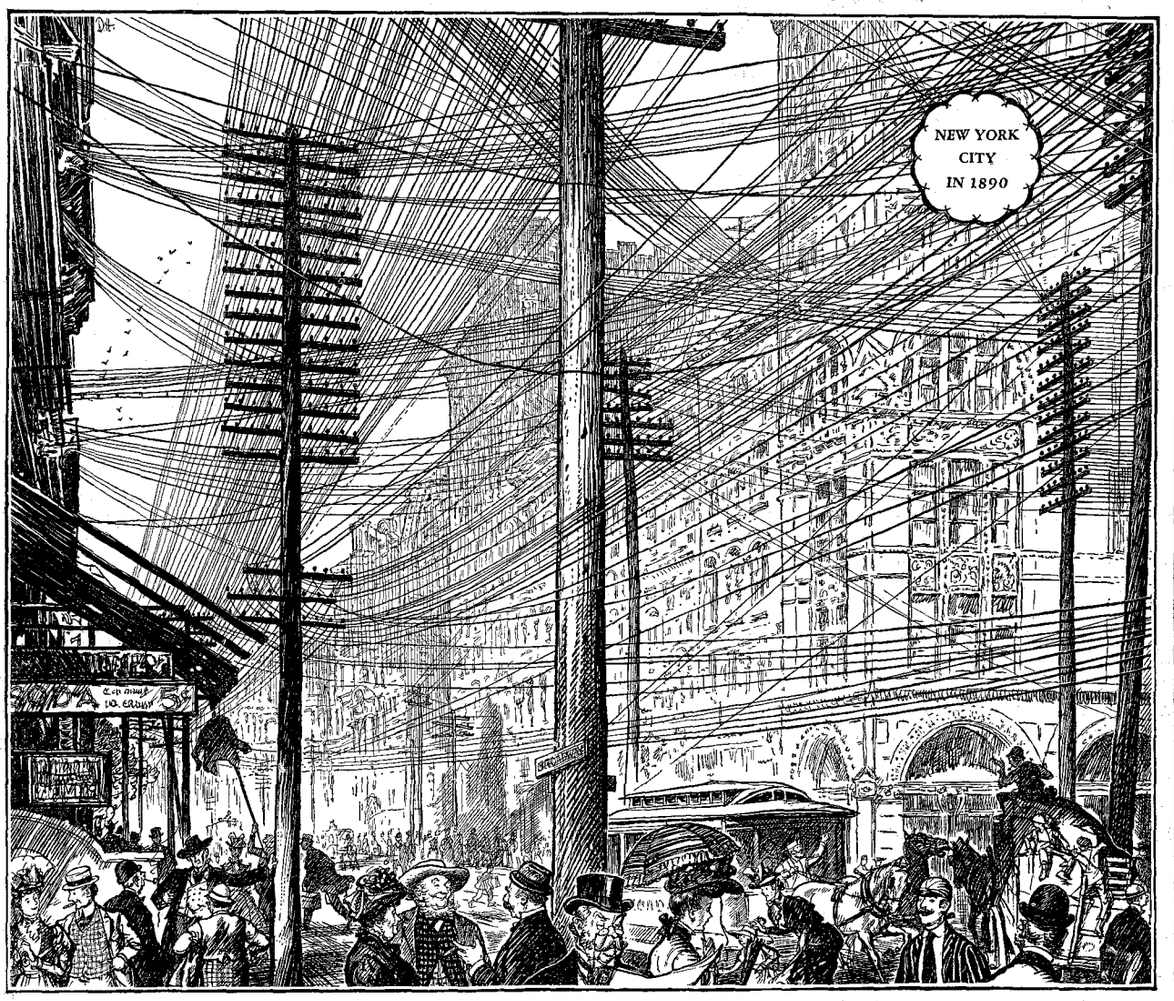

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Better ways had to be found and the Bell System found those ways. As many as 1800 pairs of wires are now carried in a cable no larger than a baseball bat. Ninety-four per cent of the Bell System's 80,000,000 miles of wire is in cable; sixty-five per cent of it is beneath the ground.

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The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 14, 1935

TOPICS OF THE DAY

ROOSEVELT, RESPITE, AND RECOVERY—President's "Breathing Spell" for Business, With Word That New Deal's Basic Program Is Complete, Meets Mixed Reception

A Banner Year

—Battenfield in the Chicago Daily Times

ROOSEVELT REASSURES BUSINESS
"BREATHING SPELL" HAS ARRIVED

A two-line eight-column streamer shouted this news last week to readers of the New York *World-Telegram*, big link in the great Scripps-Howard newspaper chain.

The first few paragraphs of the accompanying story—date-lined Hyde Park, September 6, and written by Frederick A. Storm, United Press White House Correspondent, put the essential facts in a nutshell:

"President Roosevelt announced to-day that his basic program of reform and recovery has reached 'substantial completion' and that the 'breathing spell' wanted by business men is here.

"His declaration was made in a letter to Roy W. Howard, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Scripps-Howard Newspapers. The letter revealed that the Administration's modification of the rules of business has now been carried practically as far as the President intends it shall go.

"Mr. Howard had written to the President on August 26 telling him that many business men, once supporters of the New Deal, are now not only hostile but frightened and want a breathing spell. The President replied under date of September 2.

"Both letters were released to-day by the summer White House."

Mr. Howard wrote as "an independent editor keenly interested in the objectives of the New Deal."

Certain elements of business, he said, "have been growing more hostile to the Roosevelt Administration. Many business men, once Roosevelt supporters, are now not only antagonistic but frightened."

It was the President's answer that produced *The World-Telegram's* front-page screamer, to say nothing of editorials and news-stories in innumerable other newspapers.

"This Administration," the President said, "came into power pledged to a very considerable legislative program. . . . Duty and necessity required us to move on a broad front for more than two years.

"It seemed . . . better to achieve these objectives as expeditiously as possible in order that not only business but the public generally might know those modifications in the conditions and rules of economic enterprise which were involved in our program.

"This basic program, however, has now reached substantial completion and the 'breathing spell' of which you speak is here—very decidedly so."

Taxes

The President's answers to Mr. Howard's two other points also held public interest.

His tax program, he said, did not aim "to destroy wealth, but to create broader range of opportunity, to restrain the growth of unwholesome and sterile accumulations and to lay the burdens of government where they can best be carried."

As for broadening the tax base, consumers' taxes—"invisible taxes paid by people in every walk of life"—during the past few years have already broadened it considerably. In 1929, he said, "consumers' taxes represented only 30 per cent. of the national revenue. To-day they are 60 per cent."

The Kansas City *Star* (Ind.) takes the President's letter with a grain of salt. "Performance," it states, "will be the test of the President's reassurance. Previous commitments have been nullified by the sudden shifts of policy."

Skeptical also is the Boise *Idaho Statesman* (Rep.), which says the President's "breathing spell" is "only one more high sounding and meaningless phrase designed to lull unthinking persons into lassitude. Business will get no 'breathing spell' until it is definitely assured that the crazy New Deal policies which have hamstrung it until it can hardly move are to be abandoned. And there is no hope of that."

On the other hand, the Louisville *Courier-Journal* (Ind.) stands soundly behind Mr. Roosevelt. "This frank and convincing exposition of the President's aims, methods,

A Slight Advantage

—Shoemaker in the Chicago Daily News

and achievements should allay the fears of honest industry and business, while knocking the wind out of the sails of the piratical critics in their campaign of misrepresentation and destruction."

The Phœnix *Gazette* (Ind.) also lends its support with:

"Business now has what it has been crying for. . . . With the exception of the financial racketeer and public exploiter, business will play ball."

The Chicago *Daily News* (Ind.) is not pleased. "It will take more than a promise now, from Franklin D. Roosevelt," it states, "to restore confidence."

Believing that "the fears of business are more imagined than real," the Wheeling *News-Register* (Ind.) thinks that "the best way for business to get a breathing spell is to stop holding its breath."

"Business and the country, in general, will welcome the President's assurance that his program of reforms is now complete," is the thought of the Asheville (N. C.) *Citizen* (Ind.-Dem.). "His public acknowledgment that the emphasis hereafter must be upon recovery is likewise welcome. There has been recovery. It is imperative that it be broadened and strengthened, and accelerated."

Says the Boston *Evening Transcript* (Ind.-Rep.): "It is perhaps ungracious to subject the President's letter to extraordinary scrutiny."

The timeliness, as well as the text, of the Roosevelt letter made it a matter of moment.

It came at a time when, in the opinion of some commentators, the people are showing

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that New Deal experimentation is wearying and confusing them.

Raymond Clapper belongs to this school of observers, as he demonstrates in an article for *The Review of Reviews*. He writes:

"There are signs that his [President Roosevelt's] public is becoming emotionally exhausted; that the country generally has become satiated with the highly surcharged show which the New Deal has staged during two and a half years; and, most important, that it has lost the thread of the plot. The country simply could not keep up with the volume of fact thrust upon it, let alone understand it."

The Roosevelt letter came, moreover, when the Presidential campaign, which has already been opened informally, is about to be opened wider.

On September 25, in Washington, the Republican Executive Committee will meet for the first time since the campaign of 1934 and prepare to shell the New Deal from turrets to foundation. Issuing the call for the meeting, Henry P. Fletcher, of the Republican National Committee, stressed "the importance of early organization and intensification of Republican activities."

Last week, James A. Farley, Postmaster General and Democratic National Chairman, returned East from a trip to Hawaii, called on the President and intimated that everything will be rosy on President Roosevelt's tour to San Diego.

"President Roosevelt is just as strong in the West as he was in 1932, despite all the knocking," Mr. Farley said. "No matter whom the Republicans name, President Roosevelt will defeat him."

The President will deliver at least a few speeches on his Western trip—vote-making speeches, Democrats are sure. It may be he will amplify both the specific arguments and the general defense of the New Deal he advanced in his letter to Mr. Howard.

Meantime, by drawing from the President this answer at this time, Roy Howard has again, as often before, placed his name on every tongue in newspaperdom.

The fact that Howard has an excellently developed news-sense is not news to his associates.

Nor is it news that he has a tremendous personal acquaintanceship with people all over the world—with crowned heads as well as head-waiters. "Howard, Roy Wilson, newspaper man," he calls himself in "Who's Who," and a newspaper man he is, every minute from breakfast to bedtime.

He knows every inch of the business; he rose, Horatio Alger fashion, through every rank from newsboy to his present position at the top of the heap. He is fifty-two, and his thick black hair is whitening at the temples but he vibrates with energy no less than he did when he covered sports for the Indianapolis *Star*. "A 155-millimeter charge in a 22-caliber case," he has been called; he is slim, and not much over five feet tall.

He is aggressive and likes to dominate any situation he finds himself in, but he does not take himself overseriously. To his office-boy-to-president career he has been known to apply a figure from forestry: in a growing tree, the sap rises to the top.

Huey Long, an Enemy, and a Bullet

Smiling After His Bills Are Railroaded Through the Louisiana Legislature, "Kingfish" Passes Down Hall to Meet Assassin

Senator Long, carefree among his constituents

"I can buy legislators just like sacks of potatoes."

With this once publically stated boast possibly in his mind, Senator Huey P. Long emerged triumphantly, on Sunday night, from an extraordinary session of the Louisiana Legislature.

He had just witnessed one bill after another that he favored railroaded through. On his rubicund countenance was a smile. Things were going the way a dictator could wish.

Then, suddenly, as Huey Long would have expressed it himself, "all hell let loose." Passing down a corridor, surrounded by well-wishers and friends, engaged in conversation with Lt. Gov. James Noe, and Public Service Commissioner James O'Connor, he did not see Dr. Carl A. Weiss, brilliant young surgeon and son-in-law of a political enemy, Judge Pavy of Opelousas, watching him from behind a pillar, a German Lueger pistol in his hand. A shot rang out. It was followed by a fusillade of fire as Huey's body-guard replied to the first flash of flame. The gun dropped from the young would-be assassin's hand. He was dead. At the same moment, Senator Long, "Kingfish" of Louisiana, crumpled and fell into the arms of O'Connor.

"I'm shot," he said.

"You're joking," O'Connor replied. Then, noticing blood trickling from the Senator's mouth, he helped the stricken man to a car in which he was whisked to a hospital.

Emergencies

Here an emergency operation was performed, and a blood-transfusion administered while the National Guard was mobilized to handle a crisis in State Government caused by the shooting.

It was by no means the first time it had been called out during the reign of the "Kingfish." This special session of the Legislature is the fourth held this year in Louisiana. It is the first one held without the protection of troops. For seven months of this year, January to July, at the end of the session in July, Baton Rouge was kept under martial law, following the discovery of an alleged murder plot against the burly Senator.

Despite his host of opponents, the forty-two-year-old "Kingfish"—a title in which he reveled—had thousands of friends in and out of Louisiana. Those to whom he had distributed political favors, and who swore by him, were stunned by the news of the shooting. Tears streamed openly from the eyes of hundreds, including gray-haired Gov. O. K. Allen.

Murphy Roden, his body-guard, was slightly wounded himself as he grappled with Long's assailant. He was inconsolable, despite the fact that he had almost saved the Senator from being hit by the two bullets which ploughed through his body. "I couldn't get at that gun quick enough," he sobbed.

Senator Long, high priest of "share-the-wealth," and one of the most outspoken characters in American public life, rose rapidly from peddling a lard-compound to housewives to become the "Kingfish" and virtual dictator of Louisiana.

Tho addicted to using poor grammar in his speech, he was one of the most brilliant graduates of Tulane University Law School.

Enemies

He had many enemies. He engaged in numerous fist-fights with public officials and newspaper men, the most publicized being the affair at the Sands Point, Long Island, where, when he emerged from a washroom with a blue eye, he announced he had been set upon by thugs.

His brothers, with all of whom he was at odds, termed him, a "vain, audacious demagog without parallel in Louisiana political history."

At thirty-five, he became Governor of Louisiana, the youngest Governor that State ever had. At thirty-nine he was United States Senator. In the recent session of Congress he engaged in two sensational filibusters to forestall voting and adjournment.

In one, last June, he spoke for fifteen hours and thirty-two minutes, during which he spoke on everything from his relations with Postmaster General Farley to an ideal recipe for Roquefort cheese.

Sizzler

His record sizzled with a string of amazing escapades and stunts. Once he was charged with plotting the murder of ex-Gov. Jared Y. Sanders. Another time he was accused by his brothers in a Senate investigation of accepting "rolls of bills so big they made his pants bulge out" as bribes from utility companies.

Enemies claimed he elected, as a "tool," Oscar Kelly Allen to succeed him as

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Governor. The charge of "wholesale corruption of State Senators" was leveled at him frequently, and of setting up dummy companies to bid on highway contracts while he was Governor of Louisiana.

As Governor he revolutionized State Government. According to his own pronouncements he became the Constitution. "Like a pack of cards" he shuffled the Legislature, starting a hegira of his political enemies from the capital as he brought in his own supporters.

He was "boss" of Louisiana State University, and, when criticized in the student newspaper, expelled members of the faculty, as well as some of the students.

Nearly everything in the State was under his domination, from the election machinery to the school-teachers and the Civil Service.

During his Gubernatorial term he escaped impeachment on nineteen charges, ranging from a murder-plot to bribery, when he produced a round robin signed by fifteen Senators stating they would not vote for conviction under any circumstances.

He was credited with having one of the most sparkling and resourceful minds in the nation. Said he, "There may be smarter people than me, but they ain't in Louisiana."

Constitutions at the Polls

Millions of Americans will be Constitution-conscious next Tuesday, September 17. On that day the voters of Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and New Mexico will decide on changes affecting their State Constitutions and pocketbooks.

Democratic leaders believe that if the two conservative States of Pennsylvania and New Jersey favor more advanced fundamental laws, and New Mexico, a progressive State, goes strongly for revision, the President will have a reliable guide to public sentiment on amending the Constitution.

Since the Supreme Court killed the NRA, Presidential advisers have urged constitutional revision as a campaign issue.

Opinions

Reading the President's mind after the NRA decision, the noted historian, Charles A. Beard, writes in *Current History*: "The President felt that, if the Constitution made his Federal program for regulating economic conditions impossible, the Constitution must be changed."

Garet Garrett in *The Saturday Evening Post* sees serious implications in the possibility of a struggle around the Constitution.

"The conflict is between two ideas of government so deep and so antagonistic that never since man became a political being have they ever for a moment become quite reconciled," he writes. "One is the idea of a powerful, unlimited central government, tending by the very nature of government to become absolute. . . . The other is the idea of representative, constitutional government, possessing only such powers as have been deliberately and jealously surrendered to it by a free people."

Taxing, Spending, and Borrowing

Where Will the Money Come From? Despite "Soak-the-Rich" Policy, There Is No Place to Go Except Into the Poor Man's Pockets

Romance Comes High
—*Scott in the Portland* Oregonian

"The Federal Government is spending in the three fiscal years 1934, 1935, and 1936 almost as much money as the Government spent in its first 124 years of existence," writes E. Roland Harriman in the September *Review of Reviews*.

"From the day George Washington took the oath of office, in 1789, down to the first term of Woodrow Wilson, the Government spent $24,521,845,000. Last year, this year, and next year—just three years—the Government has spent and will spend the gigantic sum of $24,208,535,000.

"That illustrates the speed with which Federal money is being spent. There has piled up now a roll of yearly deficits that have reached nearly fifteen billion dollars.

Borrowing

"To meet these huge deficits and history-making expenditures, the Government has been borrowing money. . . . Everyone knows when money is borrowed it must be paid back. . . . By borrowing money, the Government merely postpones tax payments, and, thus, lays a greater burden on the future.

"How much will the annual tax bill be? . . . If we take the present fiscal year that began July 1 as the basis of calculation, it will be seen that the deficit will be at least four billion dollars a year. Federal expenses for this year exceed eight billion dollars. . . . The budget for this same fiscal year anticipates revenue of not quite four billion dollars. . . ."

That means, he explains, $4,000,000,000 over and above anticipated revenue will have to be raised. And adds: "I do not think the American public can or will carry this additional burden. Federal expenses will have to be cut before Congress will dare to hand the people new taxes amounting to four billion dollars."

Proving Mr. Harriman to be something of a clairvoyant, and following the signing, on Friday, August 30, of the new tax bill by President Roosevelt, the Administration last week threw out another strong hint that a retrenchment in next year's Federal budget was anticipated, with a possible reduction in the projected deficit for the present fiscal year.

After reviewing receipts and expenditures for the first two months of this fiscal year, Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, Jr., said:

"We are living well within the President's budget," and added, "the more we study the two months the better it looks, if we go further, it looks so good to me you wouldn't believe it."

Hinting that the time has come to curtail expenses, the Secretary, however, would make no prediction that the estimated deficit at the end of this fiscal year would fall much below the anticipated $4,528,000 figure. He did state, however, that "my guess is that some of the emergency agencies should be liquidated."

Giving the impression that in actual spending there was a decrease of $49,000,000, the Secretary explained that while the deficit for the last two months amounted to $671,812,773, as compared with the deficit of $475,518,584 for the same two months in 1934, net payments had been made in "recoverable loans" amounting to $245,000,000.

Encouragement

Said Secretary Morgenthau, who rarely comments on spending policies, "As a fiscal officer, the President's order bringing more of the special agencies under the Director of the Budget is one of the most encouraging things I have heard since I came here."

Says Mr. Harriman, farther along in his already-quoted-from *Review of Reviews* article, "It has been the custom in this country—and rightly so, to 'soak the rich'—those who can afford most to pay taxes. But the depression years have reduced profits and earnings, not only for corporations, but for individuals, and they no longer offer the easy target or easy source of previous years. . . .

"So where is tax money coming from? Despite the fact that the accepted policy of 'soak the rich' will be continued, there is no place to go except to those in the lower brackets. This means that the bulk of the revenue will have to come out of the earnings of the great mass of the population. Briefly expressed that means 'soak the poor.'"

The poor, however, he explains, are "being 'soaked' every hour of the day, largely through hidden taxes—an interesting, painless device conceived by the professional politician. Scarcely one person in ten to-day in America is conscious of these hidden taxes, largely because he does not have them handed to him in the form of a bill."

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Arms and the Man at Washington

While Martial Spirit Distils in African Retort, State Department Experts Scan Congressional Munitions-Export Ban

"An Ounce of Prevention"
—*Cassel in the Brooklyn* Daily Eagle

"America Faces the Next War" was written by Frank H. Simonds two years ago. His conclusion was, "But must it continue to face it with shut eyes?"

Those eyes were opened by terms of the mandatory neutrality act passed by Congress in its closing days. While the war-witches' broth sizzles in an African caldron, State Department experts meticulously study definitions of war within the meaning of the resolution, and mull over catalogs of articles which can not be exported to belligerents in the event of war anywhere.

This task is not easy, for, as Prof. James T. Shotwell, of Columbia University, poined out in "War as an Instrument of National Policy" (1928), "the time has come to recognize that the concept of neutrality must now be changed to fit the conditions of modern warfare."

Shaping this concept, George Soule explains in *The New Republic* that "economic and technical factors themselves have made the most powerful arms virtually inaccessible to the downtrodden. Far more important, however, is the difficulty of drawing the line around munitions."

Munitions

But it is only munitions that Secretary Hull's advisers are seeking to delimit. Their embargo-list probably will put all arms and ammunition, war-ships, certain types of aircraft engines and parts, tanks, and armored cars beyond the export pale.

There are no indications, however, that Washington will extend the forbidding provisos to include such apparently peaceful commodities as cotton and copper used in munitions manufacture.

"How are we to differentiate between the bale of cotton destined for a gingham dress and that which will make a khaki suit or a charge of nitrocellulose? Can we distinguish the bushel of wheat for the army commissary from that for the workers' bread? And suppose the worker is in a munitions plant?" Those are some of George Soule's musings on the meaning of real neutrality.

Wilsonism

To Woodrow Wilson, the definition of real neutrality was even wider. In an address to the American people on August 18, 1914, he admonished:

"I venture, therefore, my fellow countrymen, to speak a solemn word of warning to you against that deepest, most subtle, most essential breach of neutrality which may spring out of partizanship, out of passionately taking sides. The United States must be neutral in fact as well as in name during these days that are to try men's souls. We must be impartial in thought as well as in action."

When Congress met in December, 1914, Walter Millis recounts in "Road to War, America: 1914-1917," it encountered "a flood of bills calling for an embargo upon the export of munitions. Unfortunately, the movement was presented as one of humanitarian idealism, rather than as a severely practical way of preserving the United States from involvement in the War. . . ."

The difficulties inherent in any mandatory embargo legislation were realized by President Roosevelt and Secretary of State Hull; they exerted pressure on Congress to adopt a different form, but Congress was in a hurry, and huffy.

Trend

Several Liberal weeklies suspect a Wilsonian trend in Washington's foreign policy, and regard Secretary Hull as an even more faithful Wilsonite.

Frank Simonds, in "America Faces the Next War," warns:

"If Europe is plainly marching toward new combat, American statesmanship is just as unmistakably following a course which must presently make American participation in that conflict inevitable.

"The reason is simple. Mr. Roosevelt's foreign policy is likely to get us into the next European war because it is identical with Mr. Wilson's. . . ."

Wind, Water, and Death

After a Florida Hurricane, the Inquiry Seems Insignificant

"It came with one terrific blast of wind and water, like a judgment of the Lord, sweeping everything before it. The building creaked in every joint, and the sides bulged like rubber balloons.

"The women immediately became hysterical, and, after a few moments, threw themselves upon their knees and prayed. Never before in my life have I felt so insignificant. There was literally nothing that anybody could do." So wrote Terence Keogh, in *Harpers Magazine*, of a hurricane on August 31, 1932.

"When the onslaught struck," he continues, "my first impulse was to run outside, as it was perfectly obvious that the building was not going to stand it. I went to the door and stood there looking out trying to remain cool and keep my senses.

"Never have I seen such frightful destruction. The crash of buildings being smashed to pieces could be heard above the roaring of the wind and rain. . . . Came one terrific squall of wind, accompanied by a ripping, tearing noise, and then the building took off from its foundation like an air-plane.

"It was an awful moment. The whole building, with us in it, was flying through the air, and it seemed to me as tho it would never come to earth. It finally landed with a splintering crash. . . ."

Helpless

The hurricane came not without warning, but, even with warning, the people on that island were helpless as were those caught in the storm which swept over Lower Florida last week, wrecked one passenger-ship (see page 25), and left death in its path.

Tampa, Sarasota, St. Petersburg, and other cities suffered its ravages. The greatest damage, however, and the greatest loss of life, occurred at Matecumbe Key, where hundreds of War veterans had been engaged on a Federal road-building project.

Joseph Factsau, Timekeeper at Camp 3, on Matecumbe Key, saw his wife, two daughters, and two grandchildren die. He said:

"The building we were placed in lasted only an hour. I tried to make a human chain from the building to the railroad-track to get all the women and children to safety, but I was washed into the Gulf by a high wave.

"I swam back as quickly as I could and reached shore just as the hospital collapsed. I heard my wife calling my name, but I was not able to get to her in time. They were all killed under the ruins."

Inquiry

Snake Creek Hotel Hospital collapsed at 10 P.M., with many persons buried under the débris. Of forty patients, only seven men and three or four women were saved. The wind was at least sixty miles an hour, and flying high on its wings were big timbers.

That these veterans were not removed

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before the storm broke has stirred up a controversy, and has caused President Roosevelt to order an investigation.

Said Harry L. Hopkins, when informed of the President's action: "I think it was a terrible and a shocking disaster. But I don't think from the weather-reports I have been reading that anybody would necessarily have evacuated those people."

Gov. Dave Sholtz, on his way to the storm-area, stated that "great carelessness somewhere" was responsible for the tragedy.

In the Keys area buildings were flattened. Snake Creek Hotel, serving as hospital near Veteran's Camp No. 1, crumpled as when a heavy-footed man steps on an egg-shell. Forty or fifty people were inside. A handful escaped. The total number of the dead may never be known.

A special eleven-car train dispatched to the Keys to take off 683 storm-besieged veterans from three camps fell victim to the wind and rain. At Islamorada a tidal wave engulfed it and swept it from the track.

"I was in the smoker when the wave hit," writes William Johns, a newspaper reporter, in a copyrighted story in the New York *Times*.

"The car crashed over on its right side, and water poured in the broken windows on the ocean side. I grabbed a seat and hung on while water poured in. Somehow I got outside the smoking-compartment and lay against the side. . . ."

"Below Tavernier, to the Vaca Keys," wrote J. P. McKnight, of the Associated Press, in a copyrighted story, "in the region which bore the brunt of the tropical hurricane, almost nothing man-made stands. Nothing is whole, undamaged."

"Twisters"

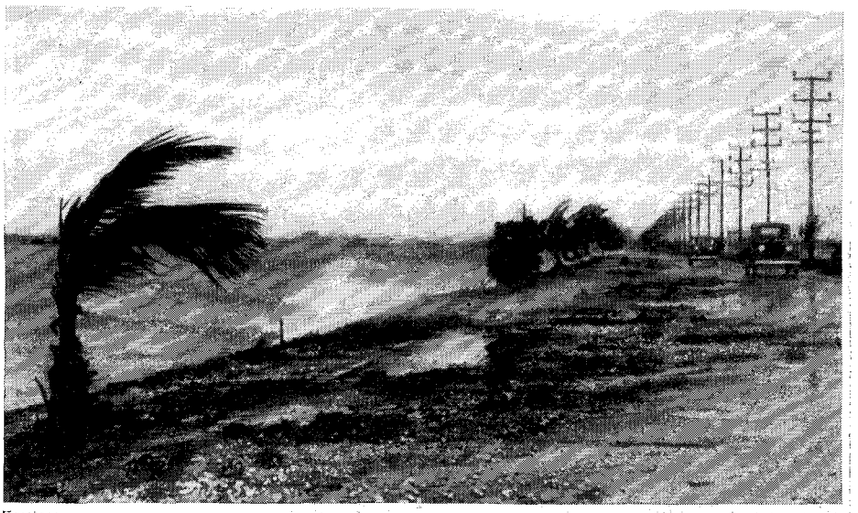
Nor was the storm confined to Southern Florida alone. Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Maryland, and Georgia have felt the lash of "twisters" and hurricane winds. All these States report property damage or damage to crops. The tornado which struck Maryland and South Carolina was described by one newspaper as "a freak." "A funnel-shaped cloud," it called it, "which hopped."

Torrential downpours have flooded rivers in Kentucky and Ohio. Nature has been on a rampage.

"I started out the door, which was on the lee side of the building," Mr. Keogh continues in his narrative, "and immediately was picked up off my feet by a puff of wind, blown bodily in the air across the street, and crashed through a picket-fence on the other side, which, for some reason, was still there.

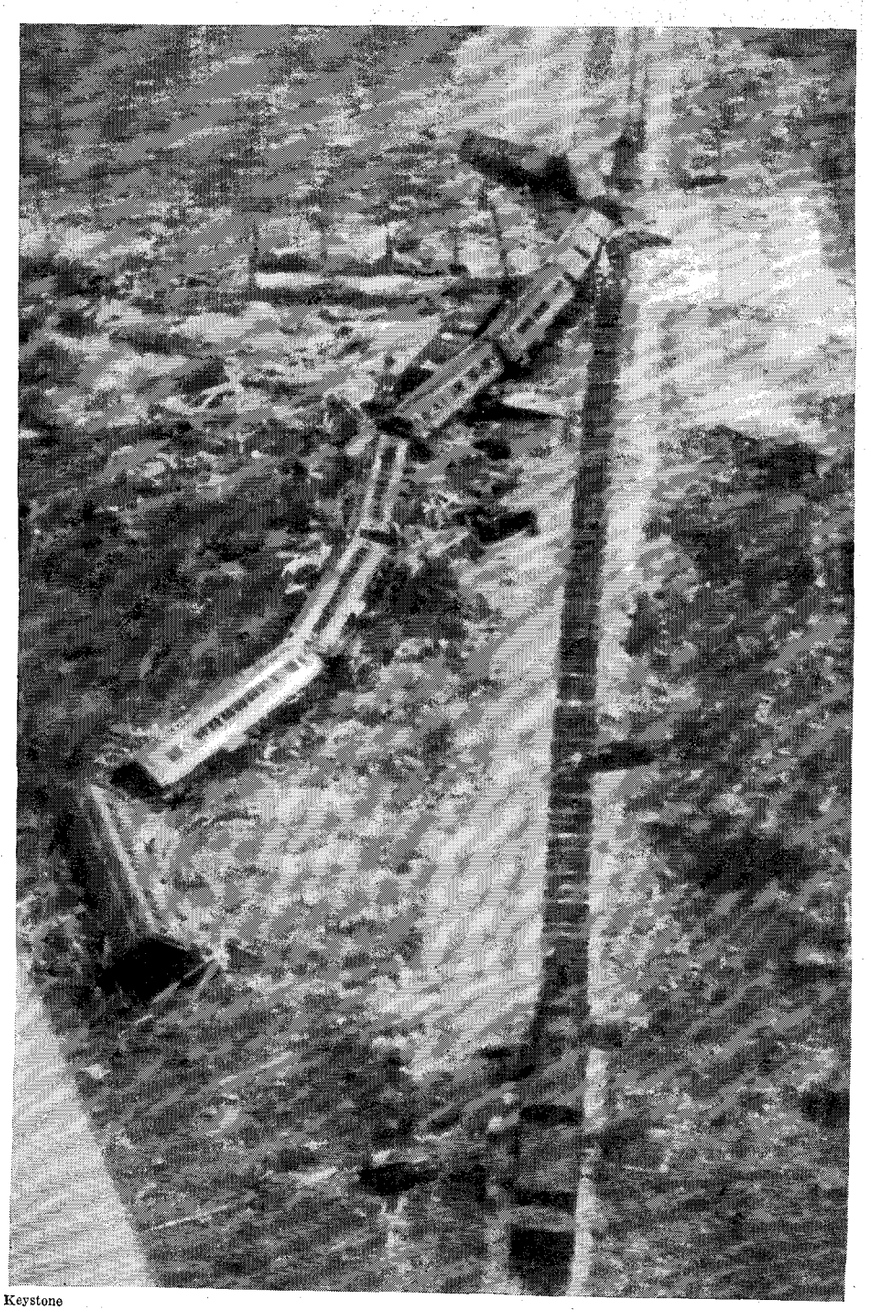
"I was then blown and bumped over a pile of wreckage that had once been a house, until I finally got a firm grip with both hands on an old piece of floor-joist. I hung on to this for dear life . . . and the wind roared by with such force that it sometimes took all my strength to keep from being torn away."

Finally, after interminable hours of terror, "Toward evening the wind seemed to moderate considerably. . . . There was not much comfort to be found. But at least the hurricane was over."



Keystone

Roaring up across the Florida Keys, the hurricane is felt as far up as Miami, where it lashed the causeway to Miami Beach



Keystone

Seen from the air: like a helpless toy, this train was wrecked by the hurricane while on its way to rescue the War veterans stranded in camps on the Keys

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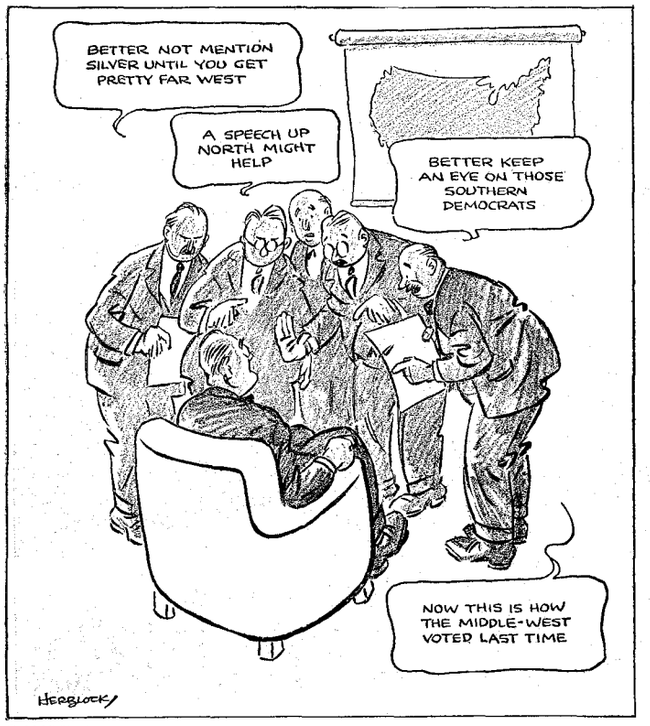
Topics in Brief


BETTER NOT MENTION SILVER UNTIL YOU GET PRETTY FAR WEST
A SPEECH UP NORTH MIGHT HELP
BETTER KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE SOUTHERN DEMOCRATS
NOW THIS IS HOW THE MIDDLE-WEST VOTED LAST TIME
HERBLOCK

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The President Is Going Away on a "Vacation"
—Herblock for NEA Service

The Haying Season Starts
—Ray in the Kansas City Star

WHAT international relationships need just now is defrosting.—*Dallas Morning News.*

SOMETIMES we wonder how many cows Secretary Wallace ever milked.—*Detroit Free Press.*

THE League of Nations seems to have about as much influence as the average American husband.—*Indianapolis Star.*

STRANGE that none of these folks who know exactly how to run the Government ever land a place in Washington.—*Winston-Salem Journal.*

MRS. ROOSEVELT has come out strongly for curiosity in the very young. The next move is to encourage vegetarianism among rabbits.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

CONSTANTLY advancing prices of meat are fast dividing the people into two classes: Those with large incomes, and vegetarians.—*Thomaston Times.*

AMERICANS are young at forty, a Swiss biologist finds. It comes from associating with comic-strip characters who never outgrow rompers.—*Jacksonville Journal.*

MR. HOOVER was a welcome visitor to our city, in the service of the N. Y. Life and the U. S. Constitution. If time had not pressed, he might have paid a ceremonial visit to the Schechters' chicken coop.—*New Yorker.*

THE Seventy-fourth Congress has left an awful mess on the Supreme Court's doorstep.—*Detroit News.*

THE best way for us to keep out of war is for U. S. bankers to lend both sides a billion dollars.—*San Antonio Evening News.*

WHAT, by the way, is the Government going to give us for not growing potatoes? Our no-pig check hasn't arrived yet.—*Toledo Blade.*

AUSTRIAN Nazis, forbidden to wear the swastika, have adopted the Hitler mustache as their emblem. That comes pretty near being the supreme sacrifice.—*Ohio State Journal.*

THAT a million dollars' worth of gum is chewed weekly in the United States looks like an underestimate, no doubt, to the talkie-house janitor. — *Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

INASMUCH as the Administration knew Russia was wearing muddy boots when it invited him into the parlor, it is rather poor taste now to complain about the carpet being soiled.—*Ohio State Journal.*

THE Gideons report that it takes about 25,000 Bibles annually to replace those stolen from hotel rooms. On which side of the ledger does the recording angel enter the act of stealing a Bible?—*Washington Post.*

WE don't see how Hawaii can get very far with her proposed New Deal, with only twelve letters in her alphabet.—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

AN earlier Cæsar divided all Gaul in three parts. This is not to be confused with all gall, which may be a Mussolini monopoly.—*Detroit News.*

THERE is some doubt at Washington as to who will administer the alcohol control act. How about the Secretary of the Interior?—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

NOW the coal industry has been equipped with a little NRA, and pretty soon there will be a move to shove the little NRA up against a little Supreme Court.—*San Diego Union.*

AMERICA charges that Russia broke its treaty promises. Among them was the one that America would get a billion dollars per year of Russian trade.—*Wichita Eagle.*

THE English Government abandons naval ratios and proposes that every country say how much navy it wants in 1942. The theory is that the nations will try for low scores as in golf.—*New Yorker.*

THE Nationistic theory of some European governments is to promote increase in population to be slaughtered in a war of expansion to find room for the surplus population.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

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Italo-Ethiopian Shadow-Boxing at Geneva

Roman Eagle and Lion of Judah Come to Grips by Proxy in the Palace of Peace Beside a Swiss Lake While Blackshirted Legions March Toward Abyssinian Frontier

The ghost of Hollywood sat at the conference-table in Geneva last week.

It was a movie type of international diplomacy that swept gaudily through the quiet chamber of the League of Nations Council, as climactic scenes in the Italo-Ethiopian drama were played.

The waters of the Lake of Geneva are an unimaginably beautiful blue—so was the Council of the League when Baron Pompeo Aloisi, chief Italian delegate, and his associates, strode out of the chamber because they refused to recognize Ethiopia as an equal.

Far to the southeast gray-green Italian legions swung bravely through the magnificent Constantine Arch of Imperial Rome.

At Geneva eight huge, roped and sealed, wooden packing-cases were delivered to Baron Aloisi. They contained documents on the Italian case against Ethiopia, and labels showed the evidence came "From Bologna."

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At the Constantine Arch, where ancient Rome and Mussolini's legions meet

Adamantine

But hardly before any of it could be offered up, the Roman eagle and Ethiopian lion came to personal grips.

The eagle was symbolized by the scholarly, lean, Roman-born Baron Aloisi, whose cold eye and brusk manner have silenced many a sparring diplomat; the lion by Gaston-Paul-Amédée Jèze, a Sorbonne professor, sixty-six, deep-thinking, juridically-minded, judicial-looking. A Frenchman, he represents the African empire.

Up jumped the lean baron, with a declaration as uncompromising, as definitive, as a Cæsarian edict:

"As we are concerned here with vital interests of primordial importance for Italian security and civilization, the Italian Government would be failing in its most elementary duties if it did not finally withdraw all its confidence with regard to Ethiopia, and if it did not reserve to itself full liberty of action, with the view to adopting all measures that prove necessary for the security of her colonies and for safeguarding her own interests."

Later, at his hotel, he added:

"You all heard my declaration on behalf of the Italian Government. It is irrevocable and unchangeable; it is our last position. In future discussions my part will be passive. I will not reply to Ethiopia, but, of course, I shall talk with other Powers."

"We retain our freedom of action," he repeated.

"What, then, is going to happen?" a journalist inquired.

"You had better ask a palmist," was Baron Aloisi's reply.

Defiant

The next day the lion had its moment of defiance. Doctor Jèze spoke the Emperor's feelings, which Frederick T. Birchall, New York *Times* correspondent, sums up neatly:

"Professor Jèze said it was an elementary and puerile tactical device to endeavor to dishonor the victim it was intended to despoil or suppress. The French, he recalled, have a saying that, if a man wishes to drown his dog, he accuses it of being mad. Italy having resolved to conquer and suppress Ethiopia, he charged, was starting by declaring Ethiopia mad.

"The Ethiopian Government, he continued, took the Italian 'insults' at their value. If Ethiopia possessed sufficient arms and munitions for her defense, there would be no danger of these verbal attacks being followed by war."

Baron Aloisi walked out, shouting "insult." The Council gasped, staring at the empty Italian seat.

The anticlimax came swiftly. Guido Rocco, the baron's chief aide, went to bat. He demanded that Enrique Ruiz Guinazú, of Argentina, Council President, suspend the meeting. Señor Guinazú refused. Signor Rocco, grasping his brief-case, marched from the chamber.

Behind-the-scene maneuvers brought a break in the deadlock. A five-Power committee (Britain, France, Poland, Spain, and Turkey) was named to examine Italo-Ethiopian relations as a whole. Salvador de Magariaga of Spain is President.

The committee got down to earnest business. Its first act was a plea to both sides not to resort to war or an overt act while it sat.

Britain's and France's two apostles of peace puckered up. The suave Anthony Eden and the enigmatic Pierre Laval smiled hopefully.

Marching

But, down in Rome, Premier Benito Mussolini grew grimmer.

"Italy is now definitely on the march."

He looked down, jaw out-thrust, eyes defiant, arms akimbo, upon 20,000 Avanguardisti (junior blackshirts). They jammed the Piazza Venezia before his Palace in Rome. From the balcony he roared:

"We shall move straight to our objective." Then went in.

Whipped to a frenzy, the wildly shouting youths, hats tossed high in the bright, fall sky, called him back.

"Isn't that what you want?" He smiled paternally.

There was a tumultuous uproar.

"Yes, yes!"

"Then," said the Dictator, "you may be sure you shall always go forward, and never look back."

A few hours earlier he had addressed foreign War veterans, including Americans. "Italy loves peace," he insisted. "She wants peace with justice."

Il Duce had turned crisp, his words like machine-gun bullets, his air final.

Of Geneva there was nothing to say.

Pessimism

American correspondents in Rome, ferreting out official sentiments, cabled a pessimistic picture. "If any credit may be placed in reports of proposals the (five-Power) committee is believed to be preparing," said one of them, "not much hope

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is seen here that they will provide acceptable alternatives to war in East Africa."

Perhaps the *Voce d'Italia*, Sunday edition of the *Giornale d'Italia*, sketches Italy's point of view:

"The work of the commission of five is of no particular interest to Italy, which had no part in the appointment of the commission, and no hand in the designation of its members. Italy's task at Geneva ended with the submission of its memorandum and the declarations of its chief delegate."

Reactions

Referring to the Aloisi statement at Geneva that Italy was through dealing there with Ethiopia, a cabled editorial to THE LITERARY DIGEST revealed *The Times* of London as saying:

"It is a novel, arrogant, and inadmissible argument that Italy should refuse to continue the discussion with Ethiopia even in League territory."

The Star (Lib.) of London remarked:

"Despite the calculated tantrums of his delegates, Aloisi and Rocco, Il Duce is at any rate still on the telephone. If he is to save himself and Italy, Mussolini will do well to keep that telephone-line open."

In France, *Pertinax* (André Géraud), Foreign Editor of *Echo de Paris* (Cons. Right), asserted:

"With the camouflage vanished, there no longer is a risk of conflict breaking out between Italy and Abyssinia, and no longer between Italy and England, but between Italy and the entire League Council."

Also assailing Signor Mussolini for his stand toward the League was Genevieve Tabouis, Political Editor of *L'Œuvre* (Rad. Soc.), who charged:

"Mussolini is seeking a pretext to liberate himself momentarily from the shackles of the League. To-morrow the decision may be made. He wants to assure himself of reparations and other methods outside the League."

Mr. Eden, Britain's Minister for League of Nations Affairs, said, at Geneva, that "a League collapse would be a world calamity."

How perilous is the position of the League at this juncture was noted widely by American editors. To sum up their fears, one may cite the opinion of the Milwaukee *Journal* that:

"There have been other occasions when its prestige was in question, but not before has there been a time when its life was at stake. Either international opinion asserts itself, at the point of force, if necessary, or the League, as an effective force, passes from the stage."

The League has "a reckless adversary to deal with," was the warning in London of *The New Statesman & Nation* (Ind. Rad.), and it argued:

"Pedantry and postponement will achieve nothing: this is a case for prompt and effective action and resourceful generalship. Unless, in full accord, France and Great Britain are ready to place at its service all their resources, including their fleets, with the single end of stopping a barbarous act of brigandage, it would be wiser not to embark on this enterprise at all."

The Sun Dawns Red Over Africa

"We Are Ready to Die for Il Duce," Shout Rome's Legionaries; "May Haile Selassie Die If I Lie," Answer Ethiopia's Warriors

"We are going to the front at dawn. We are ready to die for Il Duce."

The first glint of the scorching African sun, savage, blood-red, streaks the east. The Benito Mussolini Battalion of Engineers—many from the Dictator's hometown—break camp near the Eritrea-Ethiopia frontier. Stout-hearted, their destinies sealed, these blackshirts asked for shock-duty that they might storm the Ethiopians out of the high mountain-passes. They do not expect to return.

Warriors

"May Haile Selassie die if I lie."

Before the French railway-station, in Addis Ababa, hundreds of picturesquely-garbed troops clamber aboard the toylike coaches which will rattle them down the mountain to the front. They grin, salaam, bicker with petty lieutenants.

The War Minister, Ras Moulougeta, fingers his black beard nervously as Dedjasmatch Hapta Mikael, doughty, wiry leader of Adowa, where he lost an eye routing the Italians in 1896, kisses his son good-by, and calms the jabbering men and wailing wives.

"They shall not pass," he vows.

The barefoot troops, in white shammas, some with old lion-skin shields, long knives, gourds at their sides, are on their way to Ualual, in the south-central region. They swear they will repel the invader or die. Mules and wives accompany them.

Realities

Tired, careworn, the Emperor listens from his palace apartments. Negus Negust (King of Kings) Haile Selassie I, "The Conquering Lion of the Tribe of Judah" (see cover), bears up under his imperial burden.

Africa believes in realities. And the reality of war it now accepts as inevitable. Its fronts already are defined; its white and black warriors already are on the march toward victory for one and defeat for the other.

The outside world waits, wondering what sort of war this will be. Opinions are numerous.

Capt. W. A. Anderson is said to be the only American to receive a commission in Africa from the King of England without swearing allegiance. He served as a company commander in the King's African Rifles. In 1916, on business for a New York firm, he ran bang into a rebellion against Haile Selassie when the Emperor was King, known as Ras Tafari.

As guest-speaker of Boake Carter, on the Philco Radio Hour, he vividly described what Italy would run up against in Ethiopia. He said he thought Il Duce would win:

"But at a cost all out of proportion to Italian hopes. Think this over: The German, Col. von Lettow Vorbeck, compelled the British to use no less than nineteen generals in the late War in German East Africa.

"Africa always has been tough on any European army. To win Italy must fight an engineers' war—building railways, roads, bridges, waterworks, lines of communications."

Yet Tullio Pastori, well-known Italian explorer in Africa and friend of Haile Selassie, believes that the Ethiopians will be butchered after six months.

John T. Whitaker, Rome Correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune*, interviewed him at Khartum, famed in Lord Kitchener's campaigns in the Sudan.

Pastori and L. M. Nesbitt, an Englishman, crossed the forbidding Danakil (North-Central Ethiopia) region in 1927, writing their experiences in "Hell-hole of Creation." Pastori is forty, a hardy desert-pioneer, who knows Ethiopia like a book.

"After the first six months, in Pastori's opinion," cabled Whitaker, "an Italo-Ethi-

"The interminable parade of the European-trained troops in Abyssinia"
—Il Travaso *(Rome)*

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opian conflict would not be a war, but merely a butchering of semisavages thrown against bombers, tanks, and gas—that is, unless the British intervened because of another Fashoda incident.

"Rains are due to prevent fighting for another four weeks, according to Pastori, whose caravan was three months, instead of the normal three weeks, in traveling the distance between Addis Ababa and Khartum."

Pastori told Whitaker that disease and the lack of an adequate supply organization alone would demoralize the Ethiopian armies in six months. Pastori described the entire country as "feverish" over war prospects.

Expansion

But why such a titanic struggle for a black African empire?

Col. Edward M. House, adviser to Woodrow Wilson, in an article in *Liberty*, recalls Mussolini's statement made some years ago that Italy must expand or explode. In 1921 there were 38,500,000 Italians. Now there are 42,000,000.

"The legions marching into Africa may lay the foundation for a new Roman Empire great enough to give the Italian people a chance to breathe," Colonel House writes. "If Mussolini succeeds, Italy will expand in Africa without exploding in Europe. Let us hope that this may be done without improperly exploiting the rights of other people."

In 1911, as a Socialist, Benito Mussolini opposed Italy's designs in Tripoli. In 1917, invalided out of the Army, he wrote long articles in his *Popolo d'Italia* (Milan) demanding a share in territorial conquests of the War.

"The disappointment of Italian hopes had much to do with the revulsion of opinion, the general discontent, which overthrew the flimsy structure of liberalism in Rome and installed Mussolini in power," writes Allan Nevins, professor of history in Columbia University, in *Current History*.

"Cyrenaica (North Africa), Eritrea, Somaliland are so largely barren as to be almost worthless economically, and quite worthless as homes for large colonial populations.

"The old Italian hopes of the War period have now been reawakened. The press has printed tempting descriptions of temperate and fertile Ethiopian valleys; the pioneering spirit has been aroused in Italian youth. To Italy it seems that protests come with bad grace from nations that acquired so much territory in 1918."

According to John Bakeless, in "The Origin of the Next War," Italy is the gravest problem in the Mediterranean. "It is not imperialism, nor national egotism . . . which guide the acts and aspirations of the Italian Government and people; it is urgent necessity, growing every day more urgent, to insure to the nation tranquillity in its political and economic life, freedom of movement, and outlets suited to the needs of its ever-expanding population and industries."

Veteran

To achieve this necessity in Ethiopia, Il Duce has picked a wily old colonial commander. He is Gen. Rodolfo Graziani, who outwitted the savage and ruthless desert fanatics of Lybia, by laying hundreds of miles of barbed wire at a cost of 20,000,000 lire.

Bronzed, tireless, scholarly, General Graziani has girded his officers and men for battle. Speed will be their watchword. His armies await the end of the rains to strike.

Prepared for them, encamped to the north of the Blue Nile, is Ras Kassa Darge, regarded as Ethiopia's greatest military leader. He has perhaps 100,000 men. But they know the terrain like their back yards. Artillery is scarce.

On the lips of the warriors is the war-song of Adowa, where their fathers defeated the Italians. They have sworn to die. Within six months the world will know whether they do so in vain.

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Machine-gun squad of Ethiopian Army in training near Harrar. Only a small part of the Emperor's forces are equipped so well as these men

Americans Await Warning-Gun in Ethiopia

When war strikes, a signal-gun set up on an Addis Ababa hill will sound the alarm as the invader sweeps in from the sea. Sixty thousand inhabitants will flee to the near-by groves, or dive into dugouts and cellars, gas-masks covering the frightened faces of some of them.

But, last week, under peaceful skies, a tiny, tin-roofed bungalow squatted sedately among a cluster of native huts in an obscure side street of the Ethiopian Capital. Each morning, as usual, a slightly bald, canny-looking man emerged from the bungalow.

On his mule, he slithered over muddy streets to a near-by hilltop on which sprawls Emperor Haile Selassie's Palace. After a long conference with the sad-faced little ruler, he rode to the combined Ministries of Foreign Affairs and Finance.

As the shadows gathered among the Capital's tall eucalyptus trees, he returned to his bungalow and his wife. Under an oil-lamp he pored over State papers until a late hour.

Chosen

The man was Everett Andrew Colson, of Bound Brook, New Jersey, by origin a Yankee from Maine, who may become an American "Lawrence of Arabia" in Ethiopia.

In 1930, Haile Selassie I sought a financial expert. He scanned a list submitted by the American State Department. His choice fell upon Colson.

From the Philippines and Haiti, the Yankee adviser brought a rare gift of tact, a sharp eye, and a close-lipped mouth. The Emperor gave him $9,000 a year, and work for twenty hours a day to earn it.

Colson moved swiftly. He reorganized the nation's finances; advised on home and foreign affairs; helped the country to prepare for war by restraining impulsive tribal chiefs and an impatient ruler.

As a result, this man, a small New England banker, for all his appearance, has become a one-man "brain trust" in a war-threatened empire far overseas.

Not far from his humble dwelling, a more pretentious, two-story structure stands on an open plain. At its side rises a tall steel mast, which formerly graced the United States Naval Station at Guam. From its top a huge American flag, visible for miles, snaps in the tropical winds.

This building is the United States Legation. Unlike other diplomatic headquarters, it is not in suburban eucalyptus groves, but in the center of the old city.

Envoy

It has a small staff, at the head of which is Cornelius Van Hemert Engert, thin, wiry, gaunt-featured. He was born in

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"TO EAST AFRICA TO CONQUER"

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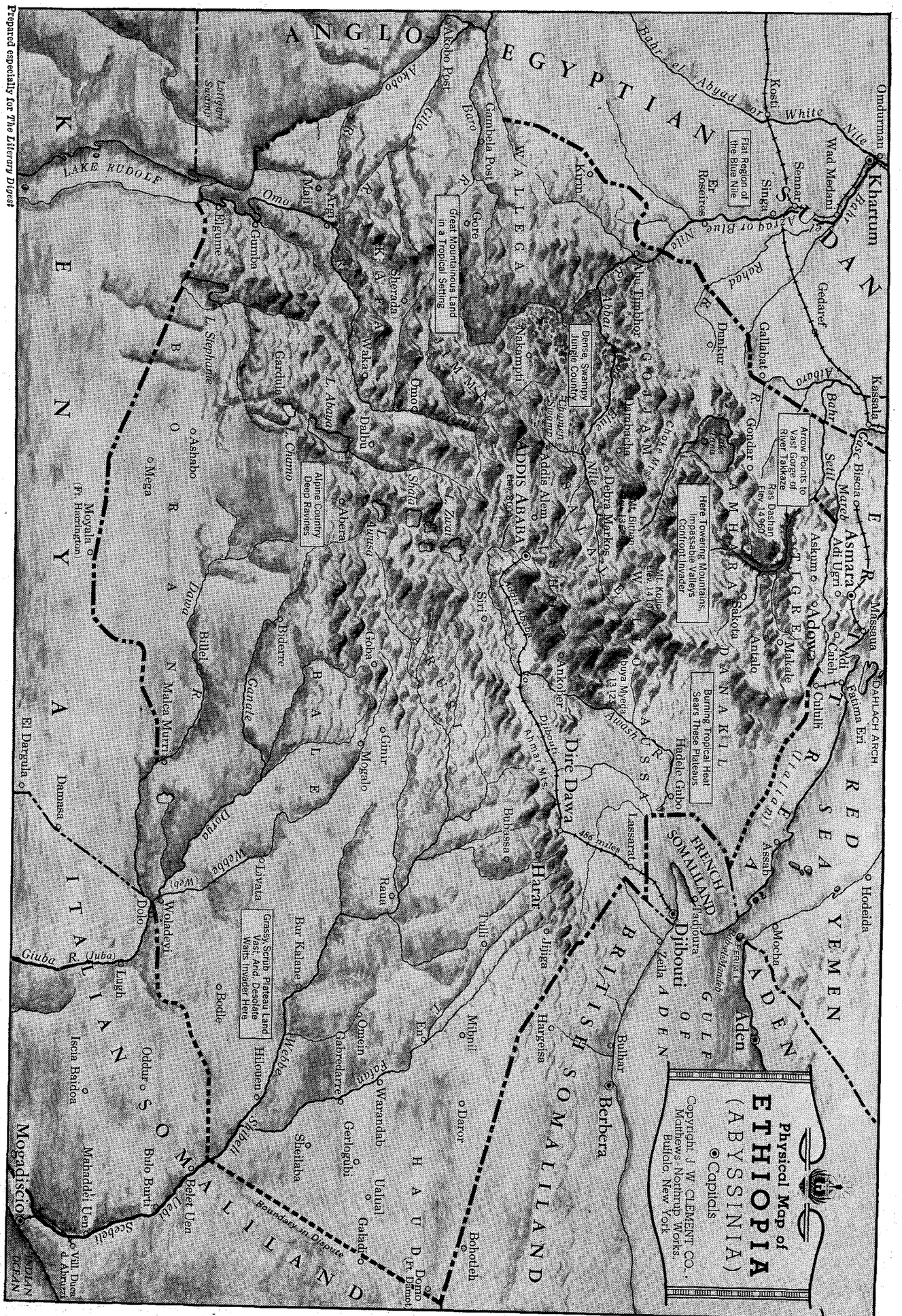

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"Boys, Do You Mind Holding My Watch a While?"

—Duffy in the Baltimore Sun

Vienna, of Dutch parents. As Chargé d'Affaires, much of his time is consumed in keeping track of the rapid-fire activities of Royal Adviser Colson.

Last week, these two men for a time nearly overshadowed all other figures in the Italo-Ethiopian conflict. Haile Selassie had granted a vast oil-concession to the African Development & Exploration Corporation, a subsidiary of the Standard-Vacuum Oil Company.

It was negotiated by Francis W. Rickett, jovial, energetic English promoter; was signed, on an American flat-topped desk with an American fountain pen, as hyenas howled outside in the dark African night.

Even while the monarch was congratulating Colson for his consummate skill in handling negotiations, Washington began to stir; Secretary of State Hull revealed the identity of the concessionnaire, and had the concession canceled, much to Britain's relief.

Tongue-Lashing

The result was that last week Haile Selassie summoned Chargé d'Affaires Engert to the Palace. There, according to the United Press, he gave him "a severe tongue-lashing."

Editorially, the Baltimore *Sun*, under the caption "Commercial Diplomats," said of this deal: "Bernard Shaw and the Editors of *The Daily Worker*, in close collaboration, could not have cooked up a more grisly example of international Capitalism than these gentlemen have provided in deadly earnest."

Citing President Roosevelt's statement that "dollar diplomacy" was at an end, David Lawrence, Washington political writer, said:

"Strictly speaking, the Standard-Vacuum Oil Company had a right to the concession it obtained. . . . The truth is, enlightened American business deserves a bouquet for what happened, and the incident ought to be emphasized because the tendency of the dangerous demagogs is to assert always that business is a selfish proposition with no humanitarian instincts or patriotic purposes."

But most Americans were more interested in war preparations and their own safety than in oil.

Precisely how many there are is not known. The State Department records for July showed that 125 nationals, of whom 113 are missionaries, were resident there; fifty-five in Addis Ababa.

Residents

The missionaries are chiefly Seventh Day Adventists from Takoma Park, Maryland; or attached either to the Sudan Interior Mission of Brooklyn, New York, or to the Women's General Missionary Society of the United Presbyterian Church of North America.

From outlying swamp and mountain districts these evangels are beginning to gather in Addis Ababa. If war strikes they will be evacuated, or seek refuge under the capital's guns. One report said seventy-five women and children were ready to depart. The American Government already has warned all nationals to get out of the country.

As for the American Legation itself, it has no bomb-proof cave as have other foreign buildings. In event of an air-raid, however, Americans are expected to take shelter in the near-by stone residence formerly owned by the Ethiopian War Minister.

Already, food supplies are being laid in in anticipation of a siege. At other legations colonial troops reenforcing the regular guard, are assisting in defense preparations.

Privileged

Ordinarily, only the Legation and staff would receive special protection. But, in 1914, the United States signed an extra-territorial treaty with Ethiopia. Under it, neither an American nor his property is subject to Ethiopian law.

Instead, they are subject to American laws.

Court proceedings are held before American diplomatic officers who have dual judicial duties.

Aside from all these thrilling prospects Americans, too, will figure in a small, but important, way in the actual war. Already American wholesale drug-supplies are arriving in vast quantities.

Dr. Ralph Hooper, of the Sudan Mission's leper-colony clinic, plans a hospital east of Lake Tana. This is in the north, where Italy is expected to attack. Still farther north a field-hospital is to be built by Dr. Robert Hockman, Wheaton (Illinois) missionary head.

Doctor Hockman has just established an American nurses' training-school in the capital. It is under the personal patronage of the Emperor and Empress. It is, too, the first of its kind in the country. One of the first to enroll was Princess Tsahai, sixteen-year-old daughter of the rulers.

Six powerful air-planes just acquired for the Emperor will become Red Cross transport-ships. They will carry wounded men, doctors, and medical supplies.

Portable radio sets of an American pattern, strapped to backs of slow-plodding donkeys, will direct them. Also several hundred American motor-trucks are ready to rumble over the volcanic terrain with guns and cartridges.

Flyers

And two American Negroes already are in the thick of military preparations. One is Hubert Fauntleroy Julian, so-called "Black Eagle of Harlem, New York." The other is John C. Robinson, so-called "Brown Condor of Chicago." Both are flyers.

Julian, who once called himself colonel, became *persona non grata* at Haile Selassie's coronation ceremonies in 1930. The Emperor had only one ship of the air then, and Julian cracked it up. A dejected figure, he shuffled back to Lenox Avenue, New York City. Then recently, he went back, only to find Robinson "Johnny on the spot."

A bitter enmity developed, climaxing in a hotel lobby. Julian made a violent assault on his compatriot. He was demoted to sergeant, and sent to the remote Wallaga region to drill native recruits in "hay foot, straw foot" movements.

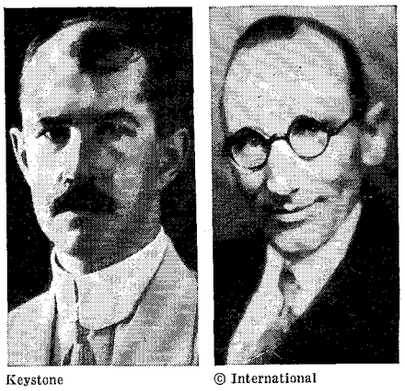
He has partially redeemed himself. As commander of the Ambo Garrison, western concentration-point in the north when war arrives, he waits the Fascist hosts with clenched teeth and a bright uniform.

On the other hand, Robinson, declared the Boston *Evening Transcript*, "has become a kind of Guynemer to the Ethiopians, for, every day, he mounts his single-seated air-plane and soars over Addis Ababa, electrifying them by his daring. It would not be surprizing to learn that Negroes enough to make up a foreign legion were on their way from the cities of the United States to Ethiopia."

In fact, 5,000 Negroes are said to have volunteered for service, but have been held in the background until war comes.

Apropos of this, *The Commonweal* remarks:

"This particular conflict bears the earmarks of a race-war. . . . The repercussions of such a race-conflict in the United States must necessarily be tremendous. Already minor clashes between Italians and Negroes have been reported, and the likelihood of far more impressive disturbances is only too great. We know that officials in several of our cities regard the future with genuine anxiety."



Keystone © International

Americans in Ethiopia: Everett A. Colson, left, *the Emperor's one-man "brain trust," and Cornelius Van H. Engert, Chargé d'Affaires at Addis Ababa*

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Armies Play at War

Maneuvers in Many Countries Test New Types of Weapons

Gen. Maurice-Gustave Gamelin, new head of the French Army, is stocky and taciturn like Napoleon. And like Napoleon he is a past master at military detail. He is quiet, modest, mustached, sixty-two—beloved by his Poilus. Upon him the eyes of all Europe were fixed this week, as he stood, an easy, unobtrusive figure, on the old Champagne battle-fields, while 42,000 men swept into mock warfare for the first time in history without a single horse.

Eyes were upon him because, throughout most of the world, the greatest field-maneuvers since 1918, of which his were most significant, were being staged.

War-Clouds

Under glowering war-clouds men in Italy, Germany, Austria, and Spain clashed against walls of friendly steel like juggernauts hurled through space.

France learned: the Army is vulnerable to an air-plane attack.

Italy's 500,000 men on the Alpine slopes attracted wide interest, as they flung themselves, looking like grotesque medieval knights in their helmets and new shields, over hundreds of miles of rugged landscape.

Italy learned: bombing planes in mountain country are of little effect.

The Manchester Guardian observed: "No doubt Mussolini wishes to impress . . . that whatever may happen in Africa the power of Italy will not suffer in Europe . . . the chances are the war (in Ethiopia) will leave her very much weaker, perhaps fatally. The gigantic maneuvers on the 'Brenner front,' therefore, remain singularly unimpressive."

In Germany troops used Treaty-barred weapons for the first time since the World War.

The Reich learned: the horse can more than hold its own against the machine.

America Learns

And the United States Army put on its first large mimic-war show since 1918, too. At Pine Camp, New York, and other sectors, more than 55,000 Regulars and Guardsmen massed.

America learned, according to the Washington *Post:* "Startling" deficiencies in equipment and officer personnel.

Officials praised the troops, but some of the press was caustic. However, Maj. Gen. Dennis E. Nolan, war-games chief, in *Army & Navy Journal,* said no test was involved.

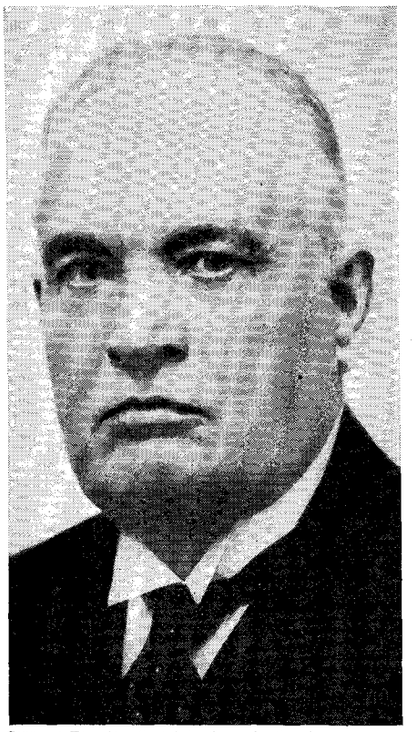
"The sole purpose . . . is to provide field-training for all active components of the First Army so that they may function smoothly in the initial stages of an emergency," he declared.

"Only five of our tanks, it is said, are 'serviceable,' the rest being inefficient, costly to operate, and out of date," said *The Nation.* "The whole Army seems to be enmeshed in a maze of red tape, and to lag far behind foreign forces."

The world, an armed camp, strives to maintain an armed peace.

Estonia's Brand of Dictatorship

Considering the Government's Executive Too Strong, Baltic State's Acting President Has Two Aides to Help Preserve Democracy



Courtesy Estonian Consulate General, New York

President Päts, Estonia's strong man

No dictatorship exists in Estonia comparable to that of Premier Benito Mussolini in Italy or of Chancellor Adolf Hitler in Germany. Acting President and Premier Konstantin Päts, who was appointed on October 21, 1933, and, since March 12, 1934, has headed an "Authoritarian Government," directed against Fascism, wants a democratic government.

Estonia's strong man, intellectually and physically, whose name rimes with "hats," is of medium height and with what has been called a "typically Estonian face." He considered the Executive Branch of the Government too strong, and took two chief assistants in the task of keeping safe for democracy the smallest Baltic State.

Yet Estonia, with its many large and small islands, equals the combined areas of Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and half of New Hampshire, according to the National Geographic Society. History in the making has been a rapid-fire process in the Estonian Republic, whose first Constitution was put in force on December 21, 1920.

Its second Constitution took effect on January 24, 1934. As has been foreshadowed since the authoritarian régime came into being in 1934, a third Constitution will be adopted at a National Assembly soon to be held. It will be corporative in character, will abolish all political parties, and will replace the Diet by corporations.

Reviewing the course of political events in Estonia since March 12, 1934, a competent Estonian informant told The Literary Digest that:

"On that day the Government suspended a political party called 'Vabadussojalased,' which may be translated as 'Liberty Warriors.' This meant the men who fought for Estonia's independence. One Sirk was then leader, and the Party had strong Nazi ideas.

"Therefore, the Party was dissolved. Subsequently, all other parties were dissolved, and the election of both President and Parliament was indefinitely postponed. In order not to split the people along party-lines, it was decided to elect representatives from 'corporations'—like the old gilds, except that there were fewer corporations —as well as general representatives at large."

Career

The career of President Päts, who was born on February 24, 1874, is intimately bound up with the development of the Estonian nation which resulted in an independent Estonia in 1920. Handed over by Sweden to Russia in 1721, Estonia remained under Russia until 1917. In 1917, after the outbreak of the Russian Revolution, Estonia regained her independence, which was declared on February 24, 1918.

As stated in an official biography of President Päts, "in all the decisive epochs of this growth, which, in the course of the past thirty-five years, have guided the Estonian people out of a dark past to the light of liberty and independence, Konstantin Päts has played a preeminent part."

During his stormy patriotic career, President Päts was taken prisoner by the Czarist régime, and sentenced to death by a Czarist court-martial in 1905. Escaping, he took refuge in Switzerland and Finland, from which countries he conducted the Estonian national movement clandestinely.

Creator

In 1917, when the Czarist régime collapsed, Päts was busy creating the Republic of Estonia. In the autumn of that year, he was arrested by the Bolsheviks.

Eluding their guard, he returned to Estonia only to have it occupied, a few days later, by German troops. The Germans exiled him to a concentration-camp in Poland, where he spent several months in hunger and misery.

Gen. Johan Laidoner, one of Päts's two aides in the present Estonian régime, was military leader of the Estonian war of independence against the Russian Bolshevists, and has had a similarly spectacular career.

The other, Karl Een Palu, is Minister of the Interior, and Acting Premier.

As a prominent Estonian has said, "in Estonia three persons, not one, are in control. Even they have not complete power. The other members of the Cabinet have much to say. Each is a specialist in his respective field, and is respected by the people."

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Hayashi's Military Hara-Kiri

"Chief Who Had Sacrificed So Many Sacrifices Himself on the Altar of Unity" in New Japanese Army Shake-Up

Japan's Army Chief, Gen. Senjuro Hayashi, resigned perforce as the result of the stringent purge he had carried out to restore Army discipline. His withdrawal was considered imperative if feuds within the Army were to die down. In both Army and Government it was hoped that his retirement would end "the most disturbed chapter of modern Japan's domestic history."

Expediency, as well as the Japanese code, required that "the chief who had sacrificed so many should also sacrifice himself on the altar of unity." General Hayashi was succeeded by Gen. Yoshiyuki Kawashima who, it was said, would continue the Hayashi policy, but with more adroitness.

"Disunity"

Meanwhile, General Hayashi was placed in a new post as a Supreme War Councilor. In a Tokyo message to the New York *Times*, Hugh Byas wrote:

"The Army will certainly keep the inner history of its 'disunity' secret, but it can be reconstructed in broad outline.

"For a decade prior to 1930, the Army's budget averaged 220,000,000 yen yearly, compared with more than double that amount to-day. [The yen was quoted early this month at nearly thirty cents.] A succession of party-cabinets believed the League of Nations, the Washington treaties, and Russia's 'collapse' had removed the dangers of war.

"The Army's funds were so reduced that it was unable to build up its air-force and modernize its equipment. Officers saw their careers mutilated, and believed the Army was becoming unable to defend the country.

"The officers in Japan are drawn mainly from the rural and middle classes. Agitators, voicing farmers' discontent, and fulminating against the swollen cities of the new plutocracy, converted many young officers to dreams, in which Nazi and Fascist ideas mingled, of a second restoration, which would curb capitalists and politicians, and abolish party-government."

Greetings

Amid welcomes extended to the new War Minister, General Kawashima, in political circles, and in the Japanese press, was that of *Asahi*, an independent Tokyo liberal newspaper of large circulation. The situation in the Army, it said, demands a successor to General Hayashi, who has no "factional coloring," and he was selected because he is entirely neutral.

General Kawashima's career has been described as "distinguished, but unsensational." He is a veteran of both the Chino-Japanese and Russo-Japanese Wars. The highest administrative post he has held has been that of Commander in Korea.

Striking proof that the ordinary tenor of the Japanese Army's ways was undisturbed by the change of War Ministers, said H. Vere Redman, in a Tokyo message to the New York *Herald Tribune*, was evident when the press-section of the War Office published, immediately after General Kawashima's appointment, 100,000 copies of a pamphlet enjoining the people to equip themselves with the means of defending the Far East against any need which may arise in the forthcoming emergency period.

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Gen. Senjuro Hayashi: His withdrawal was considered imperative

The purpose of the pamphlet, entitled "Japan and the International Situation," was said to be the same as a similar document issued last year—namely, to serve as an additional weapon for the military in the budget-debate.

Crux

As usual, said the independent *Yomiuri*, the military appropriation forms the crux of the next fiscal year's budget, and it added:

"New demands submitted to the Budget Bureau of the Finance Ministry have totaled about ¥750,000,000. If further new demands for the next fiscal year are added, the total will go over ¥1,100,000,000. If the basic budget for next year is added, the aggregate will be about ¥2,800,000,000.

"The Finance Ministry will adhere to a policy of not increasing the total budget-figure over ¥2,200,000,000. Revenue for next year will be about ¥1,500,000,000, even tho a natural increase of revenue is taken into consideration.

"It is quite sure that the financial deficit will go over ¥700,000,000. This deficit will have to be made good with deficit-covering bonds. The point is whether these bonds can be absorbed in the market or not."

Kokumin, Tokyo jingoistic organ for military groups, observed that the military are "firmly determined not to yield even an inch of their ground on their new demands," in view of the acuteness of the international situation. Naturally, this will place the Finance Ministry in a difficult position, especially because it "has in mind a gradual reduction of deficit-covering bond issues, commencing with the next fiscal year."

The Finance Ministry's policy is based, according to *Kokumin*, on the fact that governmental revenue will increase naturally for the next fiscal year by from ¥70,000,000 to ¥100,000,000, and this daily adds:

"But for this the Government has no other means to increase its revenue. Taxation increase is impossible under the prevailing economic situation. Even tho it is enforced, it will be too late to meet the next fiscal year's situation."

Votes for Señoras

The experience of the United States with woman suffrage encouraged the movement toward votes for women in Mexico, where, in the last six months, it has made swift progress.

It reached the high point on September 1 when President Lázaro Cárdenas, in his first message to Congress, as he opened a four-month session at Mexico City, announced that his administration would support the principle of equal suffrage for women, and would favor women's sharing in public affairs on the same basis as that of men.

In the President's address, which occupied nearly two hours, this announcement was considered the most interesting item to outsiders. In the main, he reviewed events during the nine months since he took office, and what he said indicated to the Springfield *Republican* that "at present he dominates the political situation, and is neither a rubber stamp for former President Plutarco Elias Calles nor in a perilous position for having defied him."

Whether or not the development "means a broadening of the democratic base of Mexico's Government remains to be seen," and this famous Massachusetts daily went on:

"Presumably, provision for women's voting will be enacted by the present Congress, since it appears to have the constitutional right to act, and to be prepared to adopt the President's program, at least in its 'must' features. General Cárdenas has had an opportunity, which doubtless he has embraced, for obtaining suggestions from his fellow Executive up North as to how the thing is done.

"Perhaps votes for women in Mexico will materially help the cause in some of the other and more advanced—tho in this one respect singularly backward—Latin countries."

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Winning Battle Against Infantile Paralysis

Fighting on a Dozen Fronts, the Nation's Health Forces Are Pushing Their Campaign to Eradicate Dreaded Poliomyelitis as Vaccines Give Promise of Victory in Near Future

"America is always at war!"

Orland Kay Armstrong, writing in *This Week*, syndicated Sunday magazine, thus describes the continual battle between epidemic disease and the health forces of the United States.

Last month those forces, fighting on a dozen fronts, saw a sky-rocketing train of poliomyelitis (infantile paralysis) move rapidly up the East Coast from North Carolina and Virginia, to burst in New York and Southern New England. Stray sparks fell as far West as Detroit and Louisville, starting small epidemics in Michigan and Kentucky. Many other States reported increases in paralysis during August.

Last week, health officials throughout most of the main epidemic area felt that the worst was over. The coming of cooler weather in September is expected to bring the flare-up to an end.

Meanwhile, as a precaution, schools, Sunday schools, theaters and other gathering-places of children are remaining closed. Atlantic Highlands, New Jersey, banned Sunday schools two weeks ago.

Private and parochial schools in Waterbury, Derby, Naugatuck, Wolcott, Southington, and several other Connecticut towns were ordered to remain shut. Children under fourteen were prohibited from attending Sunday schools, and from frequenting swimming-pools, playgrounds, and theaters in Waterbury.

A sudden outburst of disease brought near-panic for a few days at Fall River, Massachusetts. At Haverhill, Massachusetts, school officials voted to defer opening of private, public, and parochial schools until September 23, and prohibited gatherings of persons under eighteen.

A ban on gatherings of children defeated its own end at Pawtucket, Rhode Island. When John V. Brady, School Director of Recreation, was ordered to cancel a pet-show he had planned, he ignored the order, and held it anyway. As a result, he lost his job.

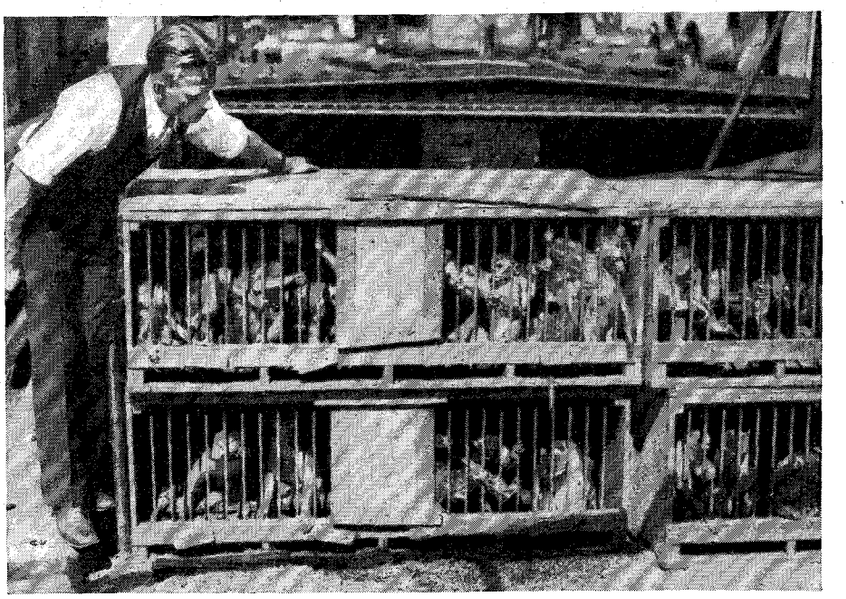
Whereupon 1,000 school-children and their parents, chancing the danger of large crowds, gathered together and demanded his reinstatement.

No "Epidemic"

Greater than last year, the summer's rise in poliomyelitis cases was by no means as serious as in the epidemic years of 1916 and 1931. Neither were there so many fatal cases. Many health officials declined to call the seasonal increase an "epidemic."

However mild the outbreak, relatively, 1935 probably will go down in medical history as the year that turned the tide against infantile paralysis.

"Medical men the world over," wrote Waldemar Kaempffert in the New York *Times*, "are watching a strange contest in saving lives. On the one hand we behold Dr. John A. Kolmer, of Temple University Medical School, and, on the other, Dr. Maurice Brodie, of New York City's Department of Health.



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Part of a shipment of 500 Calcutta monkeys, destined for use in the battle against infantile paralysis, shown on arrival in Boston

"Both have developed vaccines for the prevention of infantile paralysis, and both have aided the authorities in Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, and other regions where epidemics have alarmed communities for months.

"Thus far, some 6,000 (mostly children) have been inoculated with Doctor Brodie's preparation, one of the 6,000 being himself. About ten days ago, between 200 and 300 carefully selected New York children received doses. Ultimately, the number will be 50,000—enough for the studies that must be made for some years before a final verdict on the vaccine can be reached."

Half the battle against infantile paralysis was won, Mr. Kaempffert recounted, when Dr. Karl Landsteiner, now of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, discovered how to infect monkeys with the disease. Thereafter it became possible to test theories of transmission by experiment, also to make the vaccines of Doctors Brodie and Kolmer, both of which are derived from the spinal cords of diseased monkeys.

"It turned out," said Mr. Kaempffert, "that infantile paralysis is caused by a filterable virus—something so small that it can pass through the finest porcelain filter. So obscure is this subject of filterable viruses that some pathologists refuse to believe that they are really living ultramicroscopic germs. The consensus, however, is otherwise."

But how head off this virus seeping along the nerves? How can a vaccine help? Mr. Kaempffert explained:

"Human beings and monkeys that have recovered from infantile paralysis never catch it again. The antibodies in the blood are the reason. Why not give a very mild case of infantile paralysis to a monkey (or child) by injecting a small dose of virus?

"As we have seen, the brain and spinal cord are affected. Grind up the spinal cord of an infected monkey, and the result must be a mass containing much virus. How is this to be used? Injected directly into the body or first sterilized? In the one case live germs enter, and in the other, dead ones.

"Doctor Kolmer has collected evidence which convinces him that the live germs, but very attenuated and enfeebled, are more effective. Doctor Brodie is all for the killed virus, because no risks are run. Both experimenters have achieved promising successes on human beings."

Doubts

Up to last week, not a single child protected by either vaccine had developed the disease. But authorities still are in doubt as to whether infantile paralysis actually has been conquered.

The numbers vaccinated still are too small in proportion to the incidence of the disease, which is, after all, rather rare. Only one child in 1,000 or more contracts it.

Writing to THE LITERARY DIGEST, Surgeon General Hugh S. Cumming, of the United States Public Health Service, remarks: "It is entirely too early to draw any conclusions regarding any of the preventive vaccines that have been developed against infantile paralysis."

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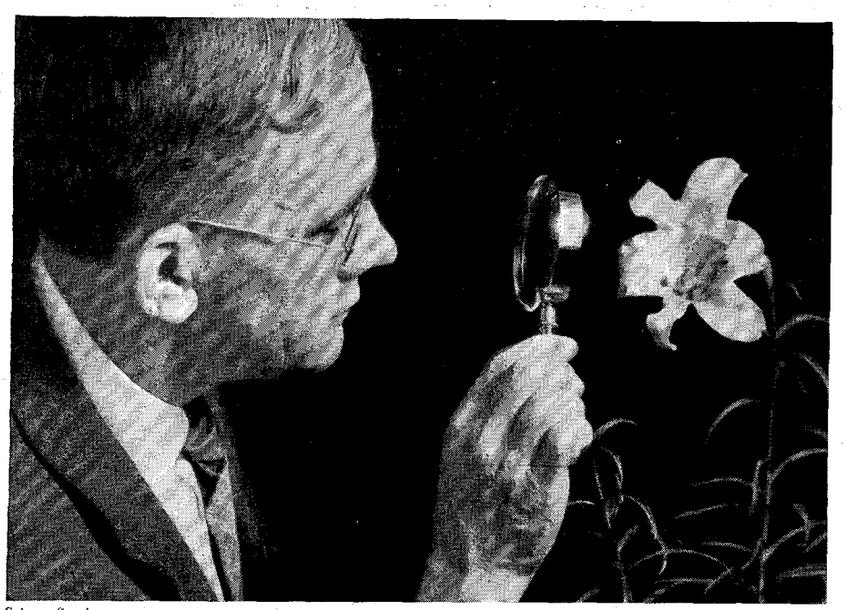
Keeping Pace With Science



Science Service

A lily whose ancestor-bulb was given X-ray treatment, being examined by Chester Newell Moore of General Electric Research Laboratories

X-Ray Lily

In Amsterdam, amid country famous for its gardens and luxurious flowers, Prof. Thomas Harper Goodspeed of the University of California told the Sixth International Botanical Congress last week how X-rays produce plants with inherited characteristics different from those of their parents.

Seeds or bulbs are exposed to powerful X-rays. Striking the minute genes, or heredity bearers, the rays cause random physical or chemical changes. Some kill the plant. Others produce useless abnormalities, or deformities. But, occasionally, by good luck, a change occurs which may produce a variety of great beauty or exceptional utility.

On the day before the California scientist spoke at Amsterdam, the General Electric Company announced, at Schenectady, New York, that a commercially valuable plant already had been thus "created" in America. The company has applied for a patent on a new flower, appropriately named the *Roentgen Regal Lily*, after the inventor of X-rays, Wilhelm Konrad Roentgen (1845-1923).

The ordinary lily, a beautiful flower, has the bad habit of shedding its coarse yellow pollen just as the bloom is fully open. Messy in appearance, the pollen soils the whiteness of the petals.

Florists often mutilate the flowers—tear out the stamens (the stalks on which the pollen-bearing anthers are carried) to keep the bloom from spoiling themselves.

The new lily looks almost exactly like its ancestor, but the X-ray-produced change in its genes prevents the anthers from opening, hence it never sheds its pollen. The lily is reproduced by bulbs, and it makes no difference that the seeds (because there is no pollen) never can ripen.

The "creator" of the plant is Chester Newell Moore, Missouri-born physicist and official "farmer" of the General Electric Company. Atop a factory-building at Schenectady he presides over a glassed-in "farm" where many strange kinds of plants are growing, products of his experiments with X-rays and his attempts to hasten plant-growth by warming the soil electrically through buried wires.

Starting with 100 bulbs, Mr. Moore divided them into groups, and gave each a different dose of rays. Some later produced normal plants, others monstrosities. Only two yielded perfect lilies in which the anthers did not open. These bulbs had received an intense dose of rays over a period of thirty minutes.

The new lily is the first "artificial" plant to be patented. Another queer plant, produced by X-rays at Schenectady, is a grapefruit which bears fruit in eight weeks instead of seven years. It has not been patented.

23,000 Would-Be Medicos

Thirty years ago the Council on Medical Education of the American Medical Association surveyed the medical schools of the country.

It found overcrowded, poorly equipped laboratories, undermanned and overworked faculties, low standards, schools depending on students' fees, and, therefore, encouraging large enrolments. There were 160 medical schools in the United States, 26,147 students.

The Council evoked a storm of publicity, brought pressure to bear, and succeeded, in ten years, in reducing the number of medical schools to ninety-six, the number of students to 14,891. Standards were raised accordingly. Well-trained graduates were turned out.

Last week *The Journal of the American Medical Association* reported a new survey of American medical schools. It disclosed overcrowded, poorly-equipped laboratories, undermanned and overworked faculties, falling standards, schools depending increasingly on students' fees, and accepting poorly prepared students for their fees' sake. Enrolment had increased to nearly 23,000.

"We have returned nearly to the place where we were when the Council was created," warned the publication.

"The factors that caused such deplorable conditions then are evidently again at work. Unless this tendency is overcome, there must result, inevitably, a lowering of the standards of medical education and practise."

Hematopoietic Essence

When Drs. George R. Minot and William Murphy, Nobel prizemen of the Harvard Medical School, proved a few years ago that liver contains some vital hemapoietic (blood-producing) substance with power to arrest pernicious anemia, they set a regiment of scientists on the trail of the elusive essence.

Doctors Minot and Murphy themselves have sought it. Drs. Cyrus H. Fiske, Y. Subbarow, and Bernard M. Jacobson, of the Harvard Medical School, announced progress in the search last June at the meeting of the American Society for Clinical Investigation at Atlantic City, New Jersey.

But the victors in this race apparently are Drs. Henry Drysdale Dakin and Randolph West of Presbyterian Hospital, New York. Last week they announced isolation of a "proteid-like" substance from liver by a specialized process of precipitation.

It has been tested on a number of patients of the Presbyterian Hospital, and seems, in all respects, to reproduce the effects obtained from whole liver or liver extract. Nevertheless, Doctors Dakin and West are unsatisfied; they believe it likely that the substance they have isolated really consists of two or more separate chemicals.

Born in London fifty-five years ago, Doctor Dakin already is famous for his co-discovery (with Dr. Alexis Carrel) of Dakin's solution, an antiseptic widely used.

Dog Control

To keep rabies from spreading, keep dogs from biting. To keep dogs from biting, educate their owners. Dr. Robert Olesen, of the United States Public Health Service, reached that conclusion after a study of thousands of dog-bites in New York City.

Last week he reported: "If dogs were given reasonable consideration and care, as befits their peculiarities when living in close proximity to human beings, it is conceivable that bites would be fewer."

Prospective dog-owners were advised to select breeds that bite least. Tentatively, he listed breeds in the order of greatest frequency of biting: German police, chow, poodle, Italian bull, fox-terrier (crossed), chow (crossed), airedale, Pekingese, and German police (crossed).

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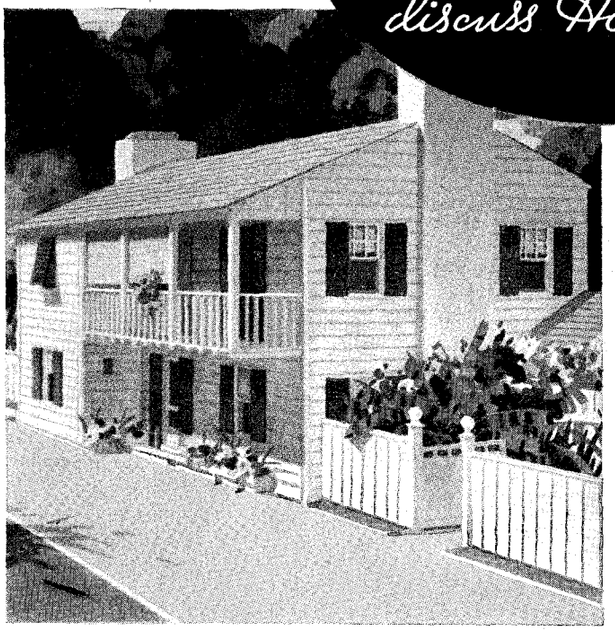
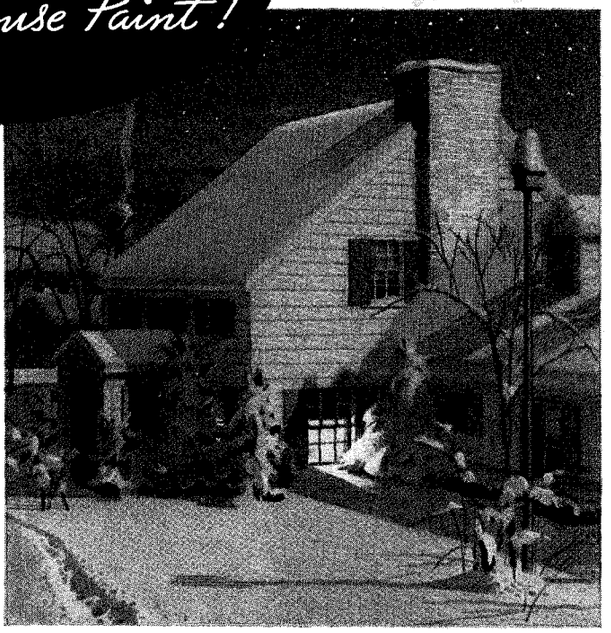
OLD SOL and JACK FROST discuss House Paint!





LISTEN IN: you'll learn how to beat their game and the N.H.A. will help you do it!

"I'M making short work of the paint on this house," boasts Old Sol. "After I've scorched it all summer there won't be much for *you* to do."

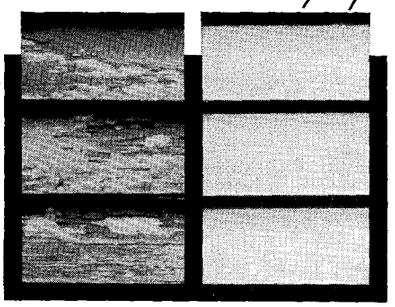
"No wonder you're having such an easy time with it," laughs Jack. "It's nothing but 'cheap' paint. Lucky for us it isn't Dutch Boy!"

"You said it, Jack. It burns me up to work on *that* paint. We do our worst to it year after year, and then have practically nothing to show for all our pains."

• • •

Dutch Boy does show great resistance to the weather. It does not crack and scale, but wears down stubbornly by gradual chalking which leaves a smooth, unbroken surface.

You can see the difference between Dutch Boy and "cheap" paint in the photographs on this page. "Cheap" paint, because it cracks and scales, must be burned and scraped off down to the wood. Then, in addition to the regular coats, a new priming coat is needed—another unexpected expense. You don't have these extras to pay for with a Dutch Boy job.



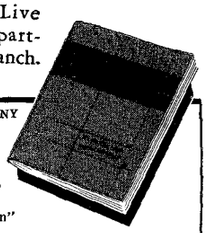
"CHEAP" PAINT *after 1½ years*	DUTCH BOY *after 4 years*
Cost $110. Now the paint must be burned and scraped off at $60 more. Total, $170 or $113 per year. And on top of all that there's more expense — an extra coat (a new priming coat) will be needed in repainting.	*Exposed, like the "cheap" paint job, to severe northern New York winters. Cost $120, or $30 per year to date, which will be still less as time goes on. No burning and scraping, no new priming coat will be needed at repaint time.*

The experienced painter knows that the durability of Dutch Boy White-Lead saves you money. That's one reason he prefers to use it. Another is that he mixes it to meet the requirements of your job and tints it to the exact color you specify. No one knows paint like a painter.

Paint Now... Aided by the N. H. A.

Under the National Housing Act, you can arrange to paint on an easy-to-pay monthly basis. But whether you use the Government plan or not, send the coupon for our free illustrated booklet which tells you what you want to know about painting.

It contains color schemes for modernizing with paint; shows what to look for when buying a paint job. Included are clear directions for arranging a painting loan. Mail the coupon today for "The House We Live In." Address, Department 188, nearest branch.



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DUTCH BOY WHITE-LEAD

Good Paint's Other Name

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Assuring Greater Safety at Sea

Latest Passenger-Ships Now Equipped With Devices Which Make Repetition of Morro Castle *Disaster Well-Nigh Impossible; American Boats Equal to Any, Says Expert*

A year ago this month the world was shocked by the news of one of the most tragic of marine disasters. The luxurious *Morro Castle* was burned in a calm sea off the New Jersey coast with a loss of 124 lives.

Only six miles from shore, where holiday-makers, perfectly visible to those on board, watched her helplessly, the great ship in a few hours was transformed from a floating palace to a useless hulk.

Naturally there was an investigation. For the first time in the New York district, since the wreck in 1904 of the *General Slocum*, when 1,021 perished, charges were brought for wilful negligence at sea.

Profiting from results of that investigation, ship-owners are demanding more and greater factors of safety in the construction of their ships, with the goal—a completely fire-proof vessel, ever before their eyes.

All-Metal

All-metal staterooms are now available, and the use of the lighter metals for interior construction in place of wood is daily gaining impetus. Nor is beauty being sacrificed to safety. The Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation, according to an article in *Marine Engineering*, "has developed an all-metal stateroom corresponding to a similar wooden stateroom as built in one of their recently constructed passenger-ships. It is their belief that this type of structure, by the elimination of fire-risk from staterooms, passageways, foyers, etc., will be a very definite step toward the ultimate aim of a fire-proof ship. . . .

© Cunard-White Star, Ltd.

Commodore Sir Edgar Britten using trans-atlantic phone in his office on the bridge

"The building of this stateroom unit, which represents an attack on an old problem, has demonstrated that an all-metal stateroom can be built within the weight allowance available with modern ship-design for a reasonable cost."

To-day on numerous ships the fire-hazard has been reduced to the almost irreducible minimum. Many are the methods of protection against that menace. The Cunard-White Star Line boasts of the fire-prevention and fire-fighting units on its newest super-liner the *Queen Mary*. As the first line of defense against fire that ship will have a reliable patrol-force, and adequate high-pressure, water-main and sprinkler-system. The pumping-plant and equipment, according to the New York office, are greatly in excess of the minimum fixed by the most recent international convention.

The equipment, which includes smoke-detecting apparatus, sensitive enough to record the smoking of a sociable pipe, is to be fitted in the garage, holds, and baggage-rooms of the ship, so that these spaces can be flooded at a moment's notice with carbon dioxid. In the engine-rooms, there will be on hand hose-systems, impregnated sand, carbon-dioxid and foam-type extinguishers for use if needed.

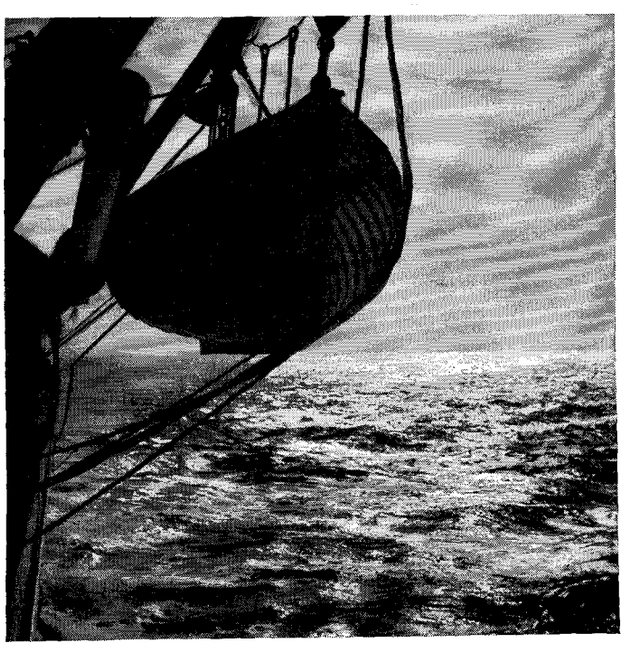
Fire-proof draft-doors are being installed in every section of the ship, making it relatively simple to confine a fire to a small area. Wide, well-lighted corridors with well-marked guiding signs will facilitate passenger-movement.

Shock Minimized

The 73,000-ton liner boasts also the protection of a double-bottom which has become a sort of standard equipment with all later Cunard-White Star liners; and there are special provisions taken to minimize shock in the event of a collision.

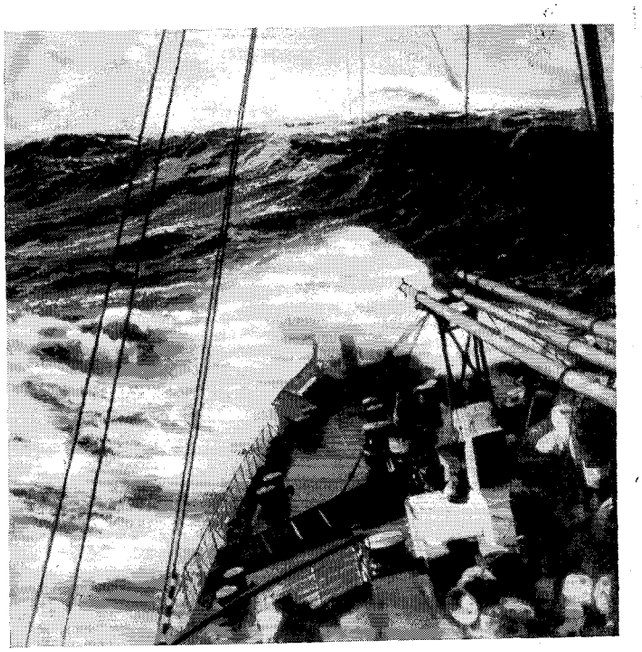
Claiming, however, that the most important measure of protection of passengers lies in the personnel of a ship, the company announces that even their junior officers must hold masters' certificates, and that their crews are all thoroughly trained.

Christopher Morley, writing in *The Saturday Review of Literature*, declares that if sea-travelers were to demand complete safety in boats on which they travel they would get it. He condemns the "false psychology" on which much of the business of ocean-travel has been based during the past fifteen years. People have grown to think of the sea as a vast playground, he says. They consider luxury and size of a



H. Armstrong Roberts

A sturdy symbol of safety



© International

A swift ocean liner battling an Atlantic storm

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ship before anything else. They should be educated to know that wrecks can happen and sometimes do. They should be instructed competently what to do in an emergency.

Drills

Any one who had occasion to travel through submarine-zones during the World War will recall how unpopular life-boat drills were with the passengers for whose safety they were devised. It is understandable if they are far more unpopular among pleasure-seeking passengers on modern liners.

Despite the lethargy of most ocean-travelers in regard to their own welfare on the water, it is interesting to note that one group. The *Morro Castle* Safety at Sea Association, is fighting for improved safety conditions on all American ships. Its President, Max Krauss, is urging the immediate passage of the Sirovich bill, which he claims would guarantee passengers full protection.

Improvement

That the situation has definitely been improving is the opinion of Joseph B. Weaver, Director of the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection of the Department of Commerce. In a recent article for *The Christian Science Monitor*, he says: "The Government is taking every possible step to prevent a recurrence of such (*Morro Castle*, etc.) tragedies . . . and to place the entire Merchant Marine, as far as it is possible, in a position of excellence. . . .

"Within the last two months plans of two vessels have been presented to me for approval as Director of the Bureau of Navigation and Steamboat Inspection. . . . Without any pressure on the part of the Government, the ship-operating company submitting the plans embodied in them the most complete type of fire-proof construction. It can be safely said that it would be almost impossible to improve upon proposed construction."

Encouraging words. They counteract the "whisper" propaganda against American ships which Arthur M. Tode, President of the Propeller Club of the United States, as quoted in the New York *Times*, claims is being spread abroad.

Propaganda

Stating that hundreds of letters have been addressed to President Roosevelt from persons who announced that friends and relatives had elected not to sail on American-owned ships because they are not safe, he says:

"Undoubtedly American ship-owners are totally unaware of this letter-writing campaign, if we call it such. But it may be stated on the best of authority that so consistently uniform are these letters in their sentiments, and in such volume that one might well believe them to be inspired by some anti-American propaganda agency bent upon wreaking damage to the American merchant marine."

Such attacks, Mr. Tode insists, are manifestly unfair. "Ship for ship," he adds, "the vessels comprising the American merchant marine are as safe as those of any other nation, and safer than many."

TENDER GUMS ARE OFTEN STARVING
Not because you eat too little but because you eat the wrong foods
WORLD'S NEW DENTAL STORY
NEW FACTS ABOUT TEETH AND GUMS AND DIET
Two large glasses of fresh orange juice, each with juice of half lemon, now the daily rule
For Richer Juice, Finer Flavor, more soluble solids, ask for
Sunkist
Juice-full California
Oranges

GUMS grow soft, sensitive and bleed easily when you withhold the *kind* of food they need. Free booklet tells how one diet change lessened gum troubles 83% in 341 cases studied.

* * *

THOUGH you may eat your fill three times a day, actually put on weight—you can still be starving your gums and teeth!

This free booklet gives proof from 3½ years of research conducted by Dr. Milton T. Hanke while a member of The Sprague Memorial Institute at the University of Chicago. The 250-page report to the medical and dental professions is here condensed into 24 fascinating, illustrated pages.

It tells how 83% of gum troubles were corrected—how tooth decay was reduced 57%—simply by adding to a well-balanced daily diet *two large glasses of fresh orange juice with the juice of half a lemon in each.*

These citrus juices contain all four of the now known protective essentials which help to keep the body youthfully vigorous—vitamins A, B and C, and calcium. They aid digestion and fortify the body's alkaline reserve.

Send for "World's New Dental Story" today. Discuss it with your dentist. You may find that an ample daily amount of fresh orange and lemon juice is all you need to correct an under-nourished gum and tooth condition. Mail coupon now.

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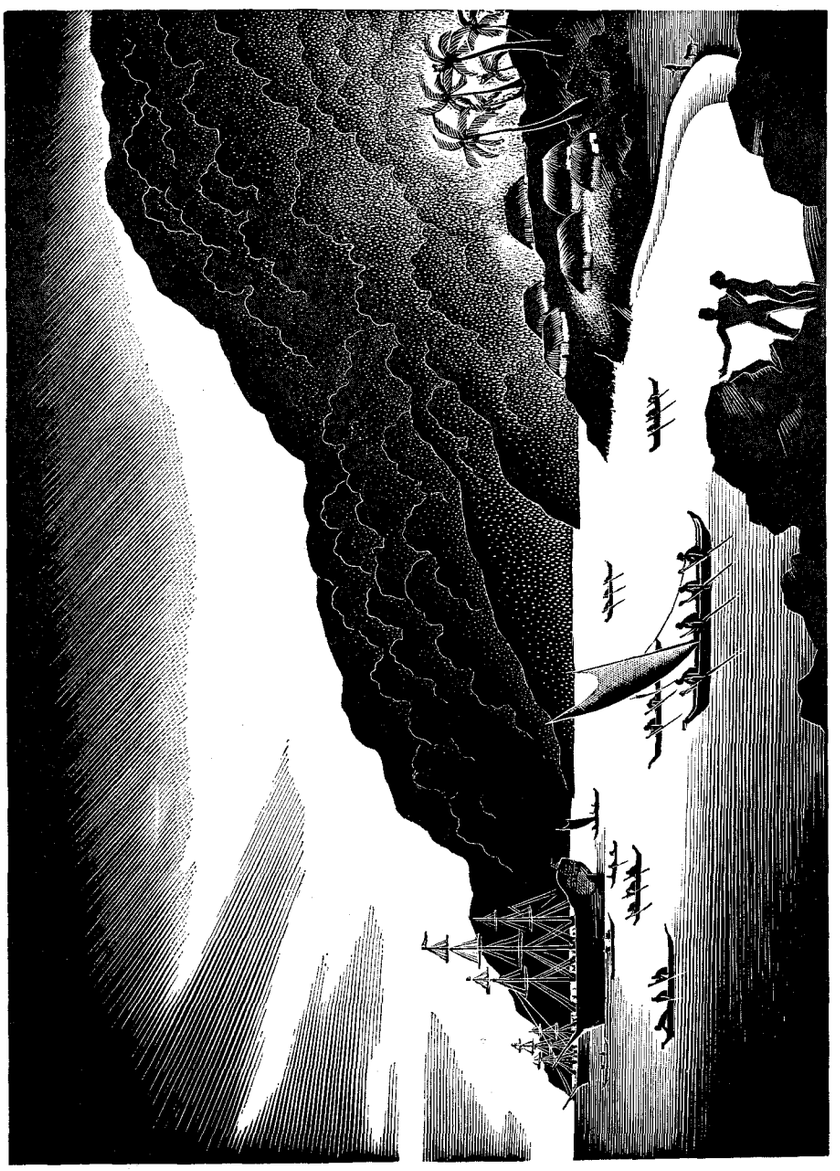

Dole Pineapple Juice

FROM HOSPITABLE HAWAII

From the time when sailing vessels brought the first mainlanders to these exotic isles, Hawaii has been famous for its hospitality. Now, pure, unsweetened DOLE Hawaiian Pineapple Juice adds a note of *real* Hawaiian hospitality to mainland menus . . . morning, noon and night! Hawaiian Pineapple Company, Limited, Honolulu, Hawaii. Sales Offices: 215 Market Street, San Francisco, California.

Wood-block adaptation by Paul Landacre from an early oil painting depicting hospitable Hawaiians greeting mainland sailing vessels arriving in Kealakekua Bay on the Kona Coast, Hawaii.

Shipping Subsidies

Administration Proposals for Aid Draw Fire From Critics

Representative Schuyler Otis Bland lives in Newport News, Virginia, and can watch vessels slip down the ways of near-by shipyards.

This spring and summer his interest in marine matters was nothing so casual. As Chairman of the House Merchant Marine Committee, he was charged with promoting legislation for direct shipping subsidies which the President requested in March.

The House passed a measure on June 28 by a 194-to-186 vote granting operating and construction subsidies and limiting the salaries of officials of subsidized lines and their scope of activity. The bill differed from the President's recommendations in authorizing continued government loans for shipbuilding and in failing to transfer quasi-judicial and quasi-legislative duties of the Shipping Board to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

Criticism

A militant minority declared it "incapable of efficient administration and inviting maladministration." One House critic went so far as to declare that "Al Capone, Dillinger, and Jesse James were Sunday-school boys compared with the ones who put over the bill."

Representative Bland did not answer. He rarely does. The New York *Sun* once pointed out that his only recent public utterance had been "a plaintive wish that young men around Washington would quit marrying his pretty secretaries so rapidly."

Senator Royal S. Copeland did answer some of the critics indirectly by offering in the Upper House early in August a bill providing that the Government would pay up to 40 per cent. of the cost of ships.

The clause providing for the creation of a maritime authority, which would bar from appointment to such board any one who has been identified with the shipping industry in an official position during the two years previous to the constitution of the maritime authority, drew criticism from some shipping interests.

Compromise

As legislators worked toward a satisfactory compromise, observers reviewed the Government's expenditure of nearly $1,000,000,000 on the merchant marine in the last fifteen years.

Soon after the World War, the gradual sale of the huge government-owned fleet to private interests at low prices and on easy terms was authorized. A fund was created from which ship-owners could obtain low-interest-bearing loans to finance new construction.

In 1928 the Government extended indirect help in the form of ocean mail-contracts to all steamship companies agreeing with the Postmaster General to maintain certain services and to construct new ships. It was the President's intention in suggesting new legislation to avoid disguised subsidies and to continue to encourage private ownership of the merchant-marine fleet.

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Shipwreck, Storm, and Florida's New Canal

With Its Greatest Water-Shipping Project Since the "Big Ditch" Across Panama, the Government Hopes to Abate Disasters Such as That Which Befell the Dixie

"Seamen are just as good to-day as they were in the iron-men days. To-day the captains meet emergencies infinitely better equipped than ever before in marine history.

"But the measure of a good shipmaster always will be: How does he meet the biggest emergencies that can possibly hit him?"

So spoke Capt. Einer William Sundstrom some weeks ago when he made his first trip as Commodore-Commander of the 8,000-ton passenger-ship *Dixie* of the Morgan and the Southern Pacific Lines.

Emergency

Last week, with his ship aground on treacherous French Reef, off the Southeastern Coast of Florida; with hurricane-driven waves pounding her to pieces; with rescue-ships standing by, unable, because of the high seas, to take off any of the 245 passengers and crew, Captain Sundstrom faced one of those "biggest emergencies."

To his credit, and to that of the American merchant marine, Captain Sundstrom met the test firmly, and four-square. During those days and nights of horror and of fear, the fifty-year-old skipper, who has been at sea for thirty-four years, and is the youngest captain in the Morgan service, held to his trust, comforted the terror-ridden passengers, and maintained perfect discipline aboard the stricken liner.

Gamely he stuck to his post for three nights and two days from the time the *Dixie* piled herself up on the rocks until the last passenger had been taken off by rescuing ships.

The *Dixie*, plying between New Orleans and New York, sailed on Saturday, August 31, and was due in New York the following Thursday. With hurricane-warnings flying ashore, she entered the treacherous Florida Straits on Sunday morning, and sought to negotiate a stretch of water considered by navigators to be the most dangerous in the world.

Threading her course through the shoals as the wind increased in velocity, huge seas caught her and tossed her onto French Reef on Monday night. There she clung, quivering under the merciless pounding of the wind-lashed waves, until Thursday, when, all hands safely rescued, Captain Sundstrom radioed the line's office that he would remain aboard with a skeleton crew in the hope of salvaging the ship.

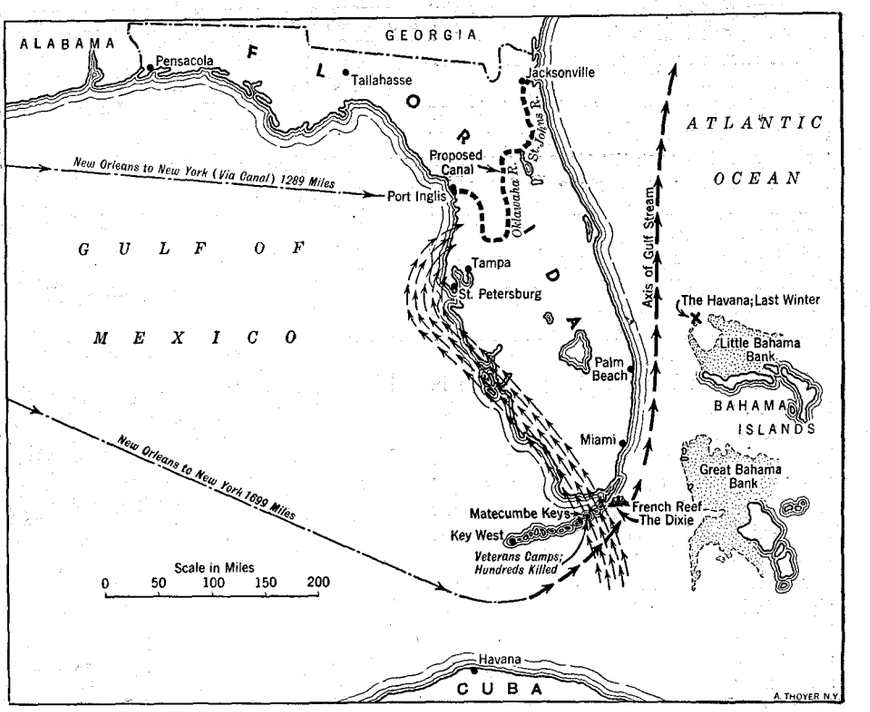
S. O. S.

When the *Dixie* struck, the S. O. S. was sounded at once. Immediately, passengers were helped into life-belts. Officers went among them, calming them.

There was little panic aboard, even when the lights failed, and when the radio was temporarily out of commission. The morale of the officers and crew had its effect on the passengers, some of whom sat on the floor of the main saloon with water whirling about them and sang songs.

But there was cruel disappointment when the rescuing ships, at first, were unable to do anything but stand by. All Tuesday they bobbed about like corks in the heaving swells, and all Tuesday night. Not until Wednesday did the seas abate sufficiently to permit the Coast Guard Cutter *Carrabassett*, and other ships, to begin taking passengers off the *Dixie*.

By six o'clock that night 110 passengers had been rescued; but then high waves and rain put an end to the work, which was resumed the following morning until no passenger was left on board. There remained only Captain Sundstrom and a few of his men, sea-dogs all. On the slanting decks they stood, true to the finest traditions of the sea.



Prepared especially for *The Literary Digest*

Showing where last week's hurricane hit Florida, where the liner Dixie *went aground, the course of the Gulf Stream, and route of proposed canal*

Hurricane

In the meantime, the hurricane lashing the *Dixie* had been sweeping all along the southwestern tip of the Florida Peninsula. Through Tampa it tore at 100 miles an hour. Sarasota felt its brunt, and St. Petersburg. (See page 8.)

Canals provide safe passage of ships in stormy weather in addition to shortening distances. An example is the Cape Cod Canal, completed in 1914. It shortens shipping-distances from Long Island Sound to Boston about seventy miles.

In the midst of its storm-filled troubles, Florida received word that the Government was ready to embark on its greatest water-shipping project since the Panama Canal. President Roosevelt approved an allotment of $5,000,000 from the $4,000,000,000 work-relief fund, to the Army's Corps of Engineers, for preliminary work on a thirty-foot canal to link the Atlantic ocean with the Gulf of Mexico.

The new waterway will extend across the northern section of the Florida Peninsula. It will begin at Jacksonville and end near Port Inglis. It is designed to provide a safer and shorter route for ocean-going vessels between New York and Gulf ports. It is expected to save annually $7,500,000 in transportation costs.

Controversy

The project has been the center of controversy since it was first proposed two years ago. Northern Florida has favored the building of the canal.

Opposition to it has come from Southern Florida, which feared an economic decline through isolation from traffic-routes. Opponents also voiced fear that the fresh-water supplies of the State would be in danger from seepage of canal salt-water into underground fresh-water channels.

The Tampa *Tribune* does not think much of the project. It feels that to save less than 360 miles "few steamship captains would want the delay and danger of steaming slowly through a narrow, crooked canal nearly 200 miles long."

Says the Hartford *Courant:* "In comparison with the Passamaquoddy project, this sea-level canal across Florida seems to fall within the category of useful public works that have a national significance."

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"Christ or Cæsar?" Growing Issue

Reich's Catholic Hierarchy Exhorts "Stand Fast in the Faith" as Christianity Meets Challenge of Neopagan Movements

A copy of the Gospels written by Saint Boniface, one leaf stained with his blood, still is shown in the abbey at Fulda, Germany.

Saint Boniface was an English missionary sent more than 1,200 years ago by Pope Gregory II to preach the Gospel to all German tribes. In 738, Pope Gregory III named him Archbishop and Primate of All Germany.

Seventeen years later, the godly man, and all the converts with him were set upon by a band of heathen and killed. But his work remains, and his relics still are in the abbey at Fulda.

Hence, there is unusual significance in the fact that, last week, it was from Saint Boniface's tomb that the German Catholic hierarchy issued a resounding blast against the "neopagan" doctrines of Dr. Alfred Rosenberg, Nazi propagandist, and against all Nazi laws which would destroy the Christian faith.

Tho the declaration caused not even a ripple in Nazi circles, and in the Nazi press, it was heard around the world, like another celebrated shot fired for liberty of conscience.

Exhortation

The pastoral letter from the tomb of Saint Boniface was signed by Michel Cardinal Faulhaber, Archbishop of Munich; Adolf Cardinal Bertram, Archbishop of Breslau, and Karl Cardinal Schulte, Archbishop of Cologne. The following Sunday it was read at mass in every Roman Catholic church and chapel in Germany, and a memorandum calling his attention to the oppression of Christian families was sent to Reichsleader Hitler.

The hierarchy denounced denial of freedom of the press, condemned sterilization and the Nazi eugenic policy, and exhorted Catholics to send their children to denominational schools, provided for in the 1933 Concordat between the Vatican and the Reich. Parents were cautioned, too, against allowing their children to become involved in the Hitler Youth movement, headed by Baldur von Shirach, a "neopagan."

"Maintain calm and order," urged the prelates. "Stand fast in the faith."

Counterpart

The movement to establish a national religion based on the ancient Teutonic divinities has its counterpart in other countries of Central Europe, in addition to Germany. Hungary, for instance, has a group which would revive the religion of the Huns, and has inaugurated weekly sacrificial rites in honor of Hodur, god of war.

The Poles, too, have revived the racial cult, on the ground that "decayed society has become poisoned with the self-corruption of Christianity."

It is this theory, coupled with the fact that Christianity is of Judaistic origin, which has taken hold of the Nazis. "For several millions of Germans the Nazi Party has already become a creed and a religion," writes Dr. Ewart E. Turner in a copyrighted article in the Montreal *Daily Star*.

European

Michel Cardinal Faulhaber, a successor to St. Boniface

"For such people Hitler has supplanted Christ as the object of supreme allegiance. Hitler's Youth Leader, Baldur von Shirach, recently declared: 'We hope some day through our faith in God, our Fuehrer, and our Reich to stand vindicated before the eternal judge of the world.'"

Doctor Turner, formerly Pastor of the American Church in Berlin, recently returned from Germany after several months' investigation of the religious situation. In Wurzburg, Bavaria, he met a young university student who claimed to be "a loyal pagan."

Explanation

The student explained why German youth must and would turn from Christianity to paganism:

"When we speak of a religion of blood and soil it sounds like tribal incantation to you," he said to Doctor Turner. "To us it is our last hope. We must believe in ourselves, since no one else does.

"The world calls us its enemy, but does not love its enemy. The one thing we can rely on is that inner power of our race which has built up to a mighty nation when, only three centuries ago, the Thirty Years' War had left us a prostrate people of only three million survivors.

"To us, pacifism is slave morality. Life is struggle. European history proves that. The strong nations are the heroic, not the pacific.

"We Germans do not want war, but no one can keep us prostrate so that we can not breathe. This is a matter of honor to us. It is our religion."

Not once, writes Doctor Turner, did the student mention the word "God."

Christianity in Germany, then, faces such a peril as it has had to meet in Russia—the greatest, perhaps, it has known since it found a foothold in the Roman Empire. And to meet the danger, the Church believes it must display the same spirit of martyrdom which won a place against the paganism of early Rome.

Symbolism

According to Universal Service, the relics of Saint Boniface were held over the heads of the Cardinals, Bishops, and Abbots in the Crypt of the Cathedral as a "symbolic act, showing that German Bishops are resolved to follow the example of the saint's heroic fight and death for the cause of Christ."

"We think it may also be regarded as symbolic," says *The Commonweal*, New York Catholic weekly, "that the Holy Father of Christendom recently held over the heads of all Catholic Christians everywhere the relics of Saint John Fisher and Saint Thomas More; both being martyrs; both having given their lives for the cause of Christ's supernational, superracial Church, contending against the incarnation of Cæsarism of their age; that Cæsarism which has returned to-day, and is now triumphant in Russia, Turkey, Japan, Mexico, and is fighting for complete power in Germany, and, possibly (to-morrow, or soon) in Italy, and whose presence is apparent in every country in the world, in greater or lesser degree.

"Christ or Cæsar? This is the question of all questions now before the world."

Death on the Highway

Death sitting at the wheel on Labor Day counted 194 dead and 200 seriously injured. That the roads of the country were not piled with more mangled victims was due not to careful driving, but to wide-spread rains and unfavorable weather which kept so many "mile-a-minute" drivers at home.

California led all the States in the mortality list, with thirty-six offered up to the modern Moloch, fourteen of them to be buried in the Los Angeles area alone.

The Labor Day score provides little hope for safe-driving campaigns by enforcement inaugurated in many parts of the country. One method remains, as the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* sees it:

"The toll of the streets will go on and on until the incompetent driver and the speed-maniac are denied the privilege of driving an automobile. One is bound to believe that, some day, a driver's license law will be enacted solely in the interest of public safety.

"Applicants will have to pass the test to procure the probationary privilege of driving a car. They will have to prove their fitness by actual performance. When the records show a driver can not be trusted to operate an automobile, the privilege must be withdrawn, the license forfeited.

"That is what we are headed for—speeding to it over heaps of dead and mangled victims."

But the indictment does not rest upon the

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automobile. Five years as Motor Vehicle Commissioner of New Jersey have convinced Gov. Harold G. Hoffman of that State "that car-drivers constitute the greatest stumbling-block in this problem of safety."

Ominous

Reciting his experience in *The American Magazine* for September, Governor Hoffman records ominously that those interested in the educational campaign for safe driving "may well begin with the knowledge that if you have three children in your family to-day, you can mark one of them off for eventual death or injury in an automobile smash-up.

"For, if conditions grow no worse than they already are, this is precisely the normal expectancy held forth by insurance experts."

Science has made the automobile virtually a perfect piece of enginery—safe to use by practised and capable hands. Highways have been turned into broad sweeps of macadam on which there is plenty of room for everybody. But at the wheel men still act the fool.

"Considering last year's fatal accidents," writes Governor Hoffman, "it appears that 92 per cent. of the cars involved were apparently in good mechanical condition; 88 per cent. had four-wheel brakes; 55 per cent. of the accidents happened on clear highways or between intersections; 74 per cent. occurred on dry road-surfaces, and 84 per cent. on clear days; 79 per cent. of the cars were traveling straight ahead, hence no turns were involved. Tire blowouts accounted for an inconsequential number, and skids represented only about 4 per cent. of the total causes.

"All of which indicates that the better the road, the more we can kill."

Education

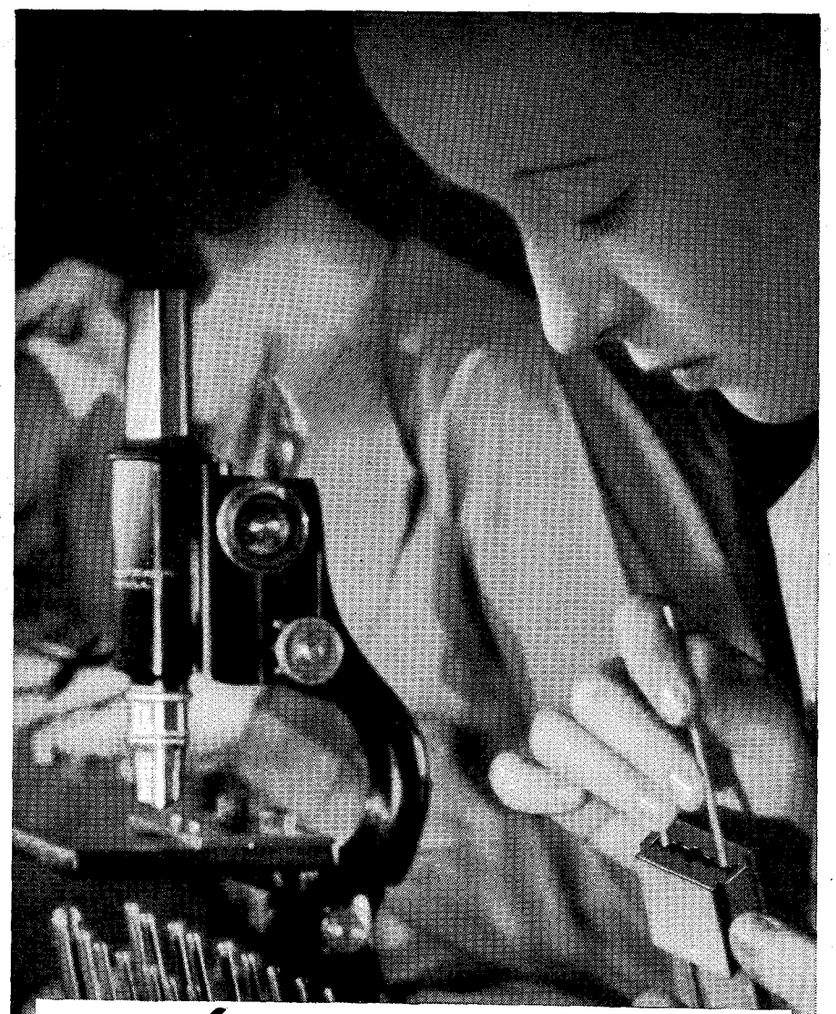
Given the two factors of engineering and law enforcement, the solution of the problem, as Governor Hoffman sees it, must come through education. "For no matter how far we may go along engineering lines —no matter how much safety the manufacturers build into their cars—no matter how many policemen we may employ to make adequate laws stick—the fact remains that we can make no progress without acceptance of the safety doctrine."

Already in New Jersey thirty-eight high schools give courses in modern automobile-driving.

Governor Hoffman writes of an educational program instituted in Flint, Michigan, "where the motor-accident question became acute enough to arouse public resentment." The best speakers were drawn from among high-school students and sent to give safety talks to the parent-teachers' clubs and other adult groups. Extend the idea, suggests Governor Hoffman.

"Certainly the youngsters would be willing to lend their aid, for, as has already been pointed out, one out of every three in the average family is now marked for death or injury in an automobile crash.

"And, with that gruesome fact in front of us, even the most thoughtless adult ought to be willing to listen to the many things that can be taught us about handling a car in this eighty-horse-power age."



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The Short Route saves 1220 miles

Sept. 19, Thursday

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Sept. 21, Saturday

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Sept. 26, Thursday

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers who require immediate attention will receive it if they enclose a stamped return envelop. No notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

Deirdre.—"A. H. C.," St. Louis, Mo.—The second *d* in *Deirdre* closely approximates the sound of *th* in *this*. The pronunciation then becomes *de'thra*—*e* as in *prey*, *a* as in *final*.

false dignity.—"D. L.," Selma, Ala.—One of the definitions of *false* reads: "Appearing to be what it is not, especially if intended to deceive or mislead, or imitated for convenience or show; counterfeit; not real; artificial, as opposed to genuine." Hence, if the appearance of dignity assumed by a person is counterfeit, artificial, not real, to describe it as a "*false* dignity" is quite correct.

intelligent, smart.—"T. A.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—There is a world of difference between being *smart* and being *intelligent*. Not all *intelligent* persons are *smart;* that is, clever, capable, adept. *Intelligent* denotes merely the possession of an ability to exercise mentality, a readiness of comprehension, a capacity for thought. *Smart* denotes a dashing ability, by no means implied by *intelligent*, and now carries a suggestion of unscrupulousness, similar to that of *sharp*, which makes its use a doubtful compliment. A *smart* person may be *intelligent*, and an *intelligent* person may be *smart*. Possession of both qualities may lead to an extreme of shrewd unscrupulousness or to an extremely high mental capacity.

investigative.—"H. F.," Malverne, N. Y.—This word means "characterized by investigation," and has been in use in English literature and language for more than one hundred and twenty-five years. Altho it is uncommon to most of us to-day, it is still good and fits the purpose referred to.

vice.—"A. R.," Michigan City, Ind.—In sentences in which *vice* appears as a preposition, it has the usual force of any preposition, and is followed by a noun or pronoun in the objective case—"You will run *vice him.*" However, the use of *vice* as a preposition is now exceptional; generally one hears or says, "You will run in his place," or "You will run in his stead."

vital, vitiate.—"W. H. W.," Dallas, Tex.—The word *vitiate* is from the Latin *vitium*, meaning fault. *Vital* is from the Latin *vita*, meaning life. Beyond the chance of identity in the first three letters, there is no relation between the two words. The term *vitiate* may be used equally correctly of persons or things. It means, "To injure the substance or qualities of, so as to impair or spoil its use or value; debase; contaminate." One may say, for instance, "He had a brilliant intellect, but he became thoroughly *vitiated* through indulgence in liquor."

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Letters and Art

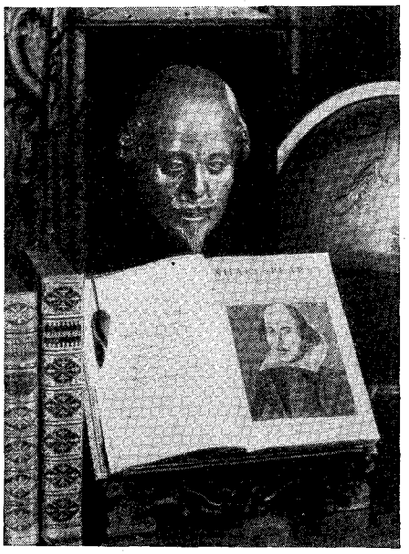
Hollywood Discovers a Dramatist

Max Reinhardt's Spectacular "Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Hillside Bowl Turns Motion-Picture Makers to Shakespeare

Max Reinhardt, an earnest, convincing little show-maker from Berlin, a voluble advocate of the production theory that even a flea-circus, if it is drenched in beauty, and employs not less than 10,000 actors, is a worth-while endeavor, is responsible for the most confusing event which has struck California since the San Francisco earthquake and fire. Persuasively, tossing thunderbolts of tradition with both hands, he has convinced Hollywood that its future lies in the production of Shakespearian photoplays.

Cycles

It is the history of picture-making that once one studio strikes pay-material with a definite type of story every other studio



Hollywood's newest idea-man: A display of Shakespeariana in the William Andrews Clark Memorial Library in Los Angeles

in the film-center straightway falls to making an elaboration of the same theme. Thus, there was a cycle of gangster pictures, and, most recently, a cycle of "G Men" pictures, which were, in essence, merely gangster pictures in reverse.

In the midst of this concern over machine-guns, wholesale slaughter, and scowling righteousness, Reinhardt arrived at the West Coast. He was shown the lovely curves of the Hollywood Bowl, and shrewdly visioned it as the choicest sight short of the English countryside for a spectacular production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," possibly the most exquisitely resolute fantasy ever wrought in English.

He had the volunteered services of the stars of Hollywood, a natural setting no designer could have approximated, and he had financial backing deep as a well. The result was not only a genuinely effective production, but one which turned Hollywood to the plays of Shakespeare.

It may or may not be apocryphal that, midway of the production that opening night, a celebrated film-magnate observed that "there's something to this Shakespeare guy, huh?" Apocryphal or not, he was not any one of the Warner Brothers who, after conference, decided to transform "A Midsummer Night's Dream" into a film.

They engaged Reinhardt to make the production, assigned William Dieterle, a kindred soul, to be his codirector, and assigned virtually every star and featured player in the studio to work in the picture. Erich Wolfgang Korngold was engaged to adapt Mendelssohn's music to the film. The completed version will be publicly released on October 9.

The Man

What sort of man is this Reinhardt who deals in acreage when considering the site for a stage, who deals in vast populations when engaging casts? The best close-up estimation of him available is traced to Percy N. Stone, who once prepared a study of the man for the New York *Herald Tribune*.

"Nobody could guess," wrote Mr. Stone, "by looking at Max Reinhardt, that behind his genial, if enigmatic, features there lurks a brain that has made him a god in the theater. Nor does conversation with him reveal the secret. He knows that he is good, and he makes no silly attempt to conceal that knowledge.

"He is not one of those directors who make puppets of their casts. He is no Tony Sarg pulling the strings of obedient marionettes. He merely brings out of the actor the inherent strength that is in him.

"Reinhardt, by the way, has had nothing whatever to do with pictures in the past. Just what he plans to do to make them better he did not specify. The implication was that there are so many heinous offenses committed on the lots of Hollywood that he does not know which one of them to pick out."

Some time was to roll by before he actually set to work on a picture, but in that time he never lost the first impression: that the play is not the thing, but the actor, and "the inherent strength that is in him." For his début, on the other hand, he selected a play written by a man who said, forthrightly, that "the play's the thing."

Plans

No sooner had the Messrs. Warner embarked on a production which demanded about equal amounts of money and courage than other studios began to pore over the plays of Avon's son. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, looking upon Miss Norma Shearer, and finding her comely, announced it would make "Romeo and Juliet," with Miss Shearer as, of course, *Juliet*.

The *Romeo* has not yet been selected, but that is not the fault of the studio which

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Courtesy Warner Brothers

Anton Grot's scene-sketch for the "Departure for the Palace" scene in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"

pleaded with Clark Gable to become the screen's first *Romeo*. Mr. Gable, with unaccustomed haste and bluntness, replied that he wouldn't even consider it.

Not far behind was Kenneth Macgowan, an independent producer associated with Twentieth Century-Fox. Mr. Macgowan intends to make a film of "Hamlet." And the Messrs. Warner, with something more than $1,000,000 poured into "A Midsummer Night's Dream," will follow that production with an equally costly and expansive filming of "Twelfth Night."

Comfortable

By now, Hollywood is not only accustomed to Shakespeare, but wearing him comfortably. His plots have been discovered to be marvelously basic and usable; indeed, some startled scenarists discovered they had been using his plots for years without knowing it: "Romeo and Juliet," in a thousand different forms, for example.

Screenland, the first of the motion-picture magazines to report a preview of the picture, writes, through one of its editors:

"To say I was thrilled with 'A Midsummer Night's Dream' is the height of understatement. It is an incredible, eery adventure in pure fantasy: a dream of dazzling beauty, a rowdy circus, an enchanting spectacle, a robust, earthy riot. Imagine . . . Hollywood bowing to Shakespeare, and you have some idea of this picture."

It was Reinhardt on whom most attention centered. One year ago, on August 29, he arrived in the United States a discouraged, footless exile. He was en route to Hollywood to discuss a production of "The Dream" with the Chamber of Commerce of Hollywood.

Exactly a year later, he is the name most often heard in the cinema capital, he is besieged with directorial jobs, his advice is sought night and day. He had staged the famous spectacle as a theater-piece in Salzburg, Berlin, Paris, London, Venice, Vienna, virtually all the capitals in Europe, when he came to this country. None the less there was fear in him as he faced the California event. After the Bowl production he literally didn't know what to do next.

Commander

This fear rose to plague him again when he was asked to make the film. Notoriously unfamiliar with the English language, unable to feel completely at ease in picture-work, he enlisted Dieterle, who had many American pictures to his credit plus work for nine years in Europe.

Dieterle did the actual direction, Reinhardt sat by—but not for long. Altho he can speak but few words in English, he quickly developed an inexplicable sense for detecting the slightest mispronunciation on the part of the players.

The misplacement of a word in the dialog made him react as tho he had heard a pistol-shot. He commanded the production, Dieterle put the players through the routine.

Cast

The cast includes Joe E. Brown as *Flute;* James Cagney, as *Bottom*, the weaver; Dick Powell as *Lysander;* Anita Louise as *Titania;* Victor Jory as *Oberon;* Ross Alexander as *Demetrius;* Verree Teasdale as *Hippolyta*. The *Puck* is played by Mickey Rooney.

Hollywood, now that Shakespeare has been discovered, will turn to the filming of his plays, encouraged by this second effort. The first was several years ago, when Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, for United Artists, made a picture of "The Taming of the Shrew."

Even now there is no certainty that the public will accept Shakespeare, and the hope in film-circles is that the joyous quality of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will win over that portion of the public which stiffly resists anything savoring of art and the classics.

America's Awe Poleaxed

Extraordinary Rebirth of Interest in Native Paintings

Thomas Craven sat down to the task of writing "Modern Art" militantly convinced that it was time some one poleaxed America's awe of European painting, particularly French modern painting.

The book was issued at a handy time. It came in the midst of a series of locality stirrings toward native painting. The critics fought back, claiming Mr. Craven ignorant of what Ruth Pickering, in *The Forum*, calls "the finer subtleties of art."

Her article, "American Art Comes," justifies the Craven attitude, and explains the extraordinary rebirth of interest in American painters.

Pleading

"If American painters are snug at home trying to paint what they see around them," she pleads, "if the depression has made it more difficult for American painters to study abroad and made Europe a less happy hunting-ground for art-dealers, why shouldn't we give our painters the attention they deserve?

"Why shouldn't there be a few among the rich to buy their art, instead of paying skilfully rigged prices for expertized foreign productions? This is not to bang the door shut on great work, done anywhere.

"But present condemnation of American painters for being too nationalistic is out of place. They are not jingoers and fomenters of war. They are men bent on painting pictures, and, in so doing, they may give us, at last, an independent culture in a happier environment."

Incessant comparison with art expression from other lands has, of course, been word-juggling. American art is powerful, alive to-day, but even if it were not so, it remains that the deed, the painting or the sculpture, is itself the main thing.

"Moreover," she continues, "we have come a long way in art consciousness from the untutored country we were at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when waxworks were the pride of cities, and no one could look at nudes without being turned to stone. Prudery and provincialism abounded while we suffered the first moral pangs of adolescence."

Courage

The decades during which American painters, sheep-like, did only what they had been taught, and painted Europeanized landscapes, still-lifes after the French school, portraits after the Italian, led to not only distrust of native work, but a positive ignoring of it. That time, thanks to a few courageous painters of the American scene in a live, vital way, is ended.

"So I can see no reason," concludes Miss Pickering, "why we shouldn't enjoy and promote our own art (for many of us it is all we have in art, anyway) without returning to isolated crudity on one hand or, on the other, to slavish adoration of all things European. Neither humble nor aggressive concerning our American artists, we might begin taking them for granted."

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Among the Outstanding Books

Freedom of the Press. By George Seldes. 380 pp. [Indianapolis and New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Company; $2.75.]

George Seldes unlimbers his heavy artillery to bang away at the country's organs of public opinion in "Freedom of the Press" and when the smoke of his battle clears, the casualties turn out to be just what might have been expected.

One of his charges concerns the late Will Rogers. Mr. Rogers, syndicated philosopher of the Coolidge and post-Coolidge epochs, suffered suppression upon occasion, and he explained to his critics: "The New York *Times* left out some of my articles because they were not in favor of the Democrats, and the San Francisco *Chronicle* got letters of kicks about all that was against the Republicans, so I must have not been so bias after all."

Example

In a way, this about describes the attitude of the press toward all enterprises of more or less pith and moment, to maim a phrase of the Bard of Avon. The New York *Herald Tribune*, for instance, a leader in the battle for the freedom of the press, is by common report bitterly anti-Roosevelt. It picked its way carefully during the bank-holiday, and it did praise the President for his veto of the bonus. But the bank-holiday was dumped into Mr. Roosevelt's lap by a previous Administration and Republican Presidents had also vetoed the bonus.

It is fair to say that *The Herald Tribune* finds danger or suspects rascality in practically every move of the New Deal. It blew up Mr. Farley's present of stamps to some friends into a major political episode which a hundred years from now must convince the scholars that our generation enraged itself over trifles. It gloated in the defeat of the "death-penalty" public-utilities bill and viewed with alarm the substitute which was virtually the same thing that finally passed through the Congress.

But the point is that *The Herald Tribune* is known for what it is, the country's principal Republican mouthpiece. It is conservative or reactionary, according to the individual reader's personal view-point. And it would not be strictly fair to pick on it on this account, any more than it would be fair to hang the Hon. Bertrand Snell to a sour apple-tree because he filled the rôle of arch-critic of everything the New Deal attempted to do.

Each accomplishes a purpose; each is against those now in power, to be sure, but we have been told that a stout opposition is a guaranty of a good republican form of government. So as far as Mr. Seldes's political charges are concerned, they may as well be dismissed as unsensational. The politics of newspapers is no secret.

What is frequently forgotten is that publishers publish either for profit or the power that accrues to them and, therefore, they are not the disinterested watch-dogs of the treasury and the commonweal they sometimes claim. On the other hand, only the Nazis and Fascists and Communists deny they are better than nothing.

Much is made by their critics of the manner in which we were jockeyed into war after an election which sustained Mr. Wilson on a platform boasting: "He kept us out of war." Newspaper men of 1917 recall only too well the anxiety of their offices concerning the effect of War news on circulation, an anxiety which puffed the German-American menace into a nightmare which, upon the Declaration of War, proved to be just the managing editor's bad dream.

If anything, the press followed, rather than led us into war. The cause had a vigorous partizan in the old New York *Tribune;* it had its no less noisy opponent in the Hearst journals; but the recollection of this reviewer of the antics of the in-betweeners as they tried to carry water patriotically on both shoulders remains one of the amusing episodes of a writing career. When war was declared, the press whooped it up. It had been relieved of choosing.

Mr. Seldes also finds time to criticize the newspapers for their befuddlement during the crash. Our Titans of finance lost their heads; government was bewildered; the great industrialists ran around in circles. The press followed. It had no remedy to offer, because there was no remedy.

Propaganda

Nevertheless, the press spoke its piece during the Teapot Dome business; it kept the Sacco-Vanzetti case alive, and is keeping the Tom Mooney case from dying. It has its cat-fights with advertisers, which it often loses, and it has its sacred cows. At the moment, it is glowering at the Newspaper Guild, the editorial and reportorial union. One is not quite certain that Mr. Seldes's "The Freedom of the Press" does not become, in the last analysis, an argument for the Guild. The layman will find it difficult to escape the conviction that a book dedicated to the exposure of propaganda has undergone a metamorphosis into ardent propaganda itself.

Still, this book says many things that are best spoken out in meeting. In reserving the right to oppose, and calling it freedom of the press, the newspapers ironically removed themselves from that which is beyond criticism; those dedicated to the airing of public skeletons need not complain, therefore, if, upon an occasion such as this, Mr. Seldes airs a few of their own.

Books Worth Reading

"Prisoner of the OGPU." By George Kitchin. (Longmans, Green and Company: New York; $3.) A grim account of a Finn's arrest, confinement in a Soviet prison camp and his discharge; not without its humorous episodes, and important for its description of forced labor so long denied by Red apologists and sympathizers.

"Brothers Three." By John M. Oskinson. (The Macmillan Company: New York; $2.50.) A notable novel of the American soil and the descendants of the shirt-sleeve generation.

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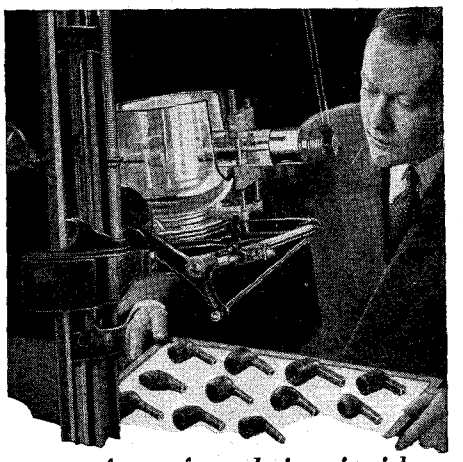

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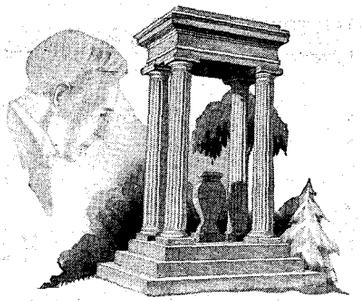

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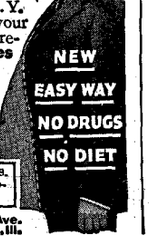

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Current Poetry

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THE ANCIENT WAY

BY CLARENCE DAY

"Accept, O God," said Abraham,
"My son instead of ram or lamb.
At Thy command I've brought my knife
To sacrifice young Isaac's life."
God smiled. "'Tis well, good Abraham!
But this time I will take the ram."

In many a kindlier era since,
This tale has made boys' fathers wince. . . .
Yet when the God of War feels gory,
Even today, do fathers falter?
No—like old Abraham in the story
They lay their sons upon the altar.

—*The Forum.*

A WISH

BY MARGARET E. BRUNER

I wish for every child the joys
Of cheerful homes with simple toys,
Warm clothing for the winter hours,
In summertime, green fields and flowers;
The clasp of gentle, guiding hands,
A mother's heart that understands,
So that when age comes he may look
On childhood as a happy book.

—*Ave Maria* (Notre Dame, Indiana).

ZOOLOGICAL REFLECTION

BY ADELAIDE LOVE

This is the ultimate grim irony—
That we who subjugate the pachyderm,
The lion and the leopard, come to be
The unresisting victim of the worm.

—*Kaleidograph* (Dallas).

LA BELLE AU BOIS DORMANT

BY LAWRENCE LEE

The pines do not stir. Not a wind
Nods the grass where she's sleeping.
No note of a bell can intrude
In the wood
That has her in keeping.

In gold she lay down, in tall broom,
Her long hair with its grasses
Confused and the sun with them both.
A white moth
Thinks it flame. No foot passes.

A bird soars in rings, in blue air.
Black are the wings that he's flapping.
No sight but a dream of the sun
Is with one
Who so deeply is napping.

Green woods, may she sleep and not wake.
Time is the bell that was ringing.
No moth, no dark bird, call her back
From the sleep where her heart is now singing.

—*The Atlantic Monthly.*

IN THE VALLEY

BY PRINGLE BARRET

Come, lay your head upon my breast and weep
For I will comfort you and weep beside
And lose my heart in pity while you sleep;
And knowing why you came and how you cried
I shall forget the aching of my own
Tired eyes, the unavailing gaunt distress
Of human life, forget I am alone,
Forget all, save your need and weariness.
Two can endure while one in anguish goes
Backward, stumbling down the psychic lane
Toward infancy. And though God knows
Its nothingness, we atrophy in pain.
So come and rest—we shall at least be warm
In the valley of the shadow, arm in arm.

—*American Poetry Journal*
(Flushing, Long Island, New York).

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On the Current Screen

The Dark Angel: Samuel Goldwyn. In "The Dark Angel" Fredric March is minus doublets, sword, Russian blouses, wigs, beard, or *Jekyll-Hyde* grimaces; Merle Oberon has abandoned her tiresome Oriental sleekness; but Herbert Marshall returns to uniform.

"The Dark Angel" has followed the now traditional path of a talkie. Originally, it was a play by *R. B. Trevelyan*, pen-name of Guy Bolton, who did not wish to risk a reputation for writing gay, clever musical shows by an attempt at a serious play. In

Merle Oberon, born in Tasmania, imported from England, appearing in American film, "The Dark Angel"

the silent version Vilma Banky and Ronald Colman were starred.

Skilfully adapted by Lillian Hellman, author of "The Children's Hour," and Mordaunt Shairp, of "The Green Bay Tree," the talkie is a more mature and satisfying work than its predecessor.

Of the film, *Picture Business* says, "A screen devotee in search of romance, filled to the brim with self-sacrifice, tense moments, pathetic departings for the front, and continuous suspense, will view 'The Dark Angel' with no regrets."

Story

From childhood the two cousins, *Alan Trent* and *Gerald Shannon*, have been in love with *Kitty Vane*. Grown to manhood, the two men are leaving for the War front after a ten days' leave.

But *Alan* and *Kitty*, unable to get a marriage-license, have a mock wedding-dinner their last few hours together. Misunderstanding *Alan's* rendezvous, *Gerald* refuses him special leave, and in the following raid *Alan* is missing.

Blinded for life, *Trent* is rehabilitating himself by writing children's books in a near-by village. But *Sir George*, his friend, gets in touch with *Gerald*, now engaged to *Kitty*. Successful at first in hiding his blindness when they visit him, *Trent's* secret is discovered by *Gerald*.

"There is so much determination in 'The Dark Angel,'" writes John Chapin Mosher in *The New Yorker*, "that I ended up by respecting it. It's one of those agony films that may kill you, but it's going to get you sobbing first. . . . I thought we'd never get to the point where she (Merle Oberon) can tell him (Fredric March) she loves him, sightless or not."

Altho the film is furnished with many dangerous pitfalls where it might break down into sheer sentimentality, the performance of the three leading players makes "The Dark Angel" touching without being mawkish, a sincerely moving screenplay.

Supporting casts are selected with more care than formerly; and under the skilful direction of Sidney Franklin the minor rôles are well managed.

Author

Collaborator on "The Dark Angel," Lillian Hellman found herself in the theater's spotlight when critics had written their reviews of "The Children's Hour." But "The Children's Hour," which she insists is a study in adolescent problems and not in abnormalities, was not her first play. Her first attempt was "The Dear Queen," written in collaboration with Louis Kronenberger, but which has so far escaped production three times.

With only $55 in her pocket when "The Children's Hour" opened, Miss Hellman discovered shortly that she had a gold-mine, and the inevitable call came from Hollywood. In 1930 she had journeyed to the Coast with her then husband, Arthur Kober, writer, to read for Samuel Goldwyn. Boredom defeated her good intentions, and she returned to read manuscripts for Herman Shumlin.

Education

Previously she had attended courses at New York University for three years; had studied Dante at Columbia for two or three semesters; and had read plays for Anne Nichols.

Book-reviews, publicity for a revue, and an excursion to Rochester, New York, as promotion and subscription manager for a stock company, prefaced the sale of her first piece, "Introspective Writing," to the Paris *Comet*.

During her job with Shumlin she worked for a year and a half on "The Children's Hour." Since Shumlin was a friend of hers he was offered the play to read; politeness prevented his refusing; and his showmanship and directorial skill made the play the outstanding drama on Broadway—it is still running.

A slim, reddish blonde, Miss Hellman wrote the rôle of the satanic adolescent, *Mary Tilford*, who creates the tragic havoc of "The Children's Hour," from her knowledge of children she had encountered. Of her background, she speaks with conviction, "I was born in New Orleans thirty years ago. Is there anything extraordinary in that?"

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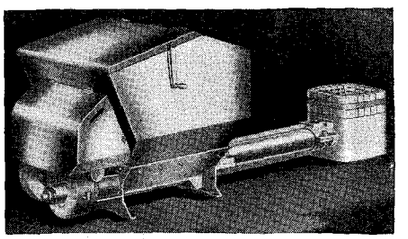

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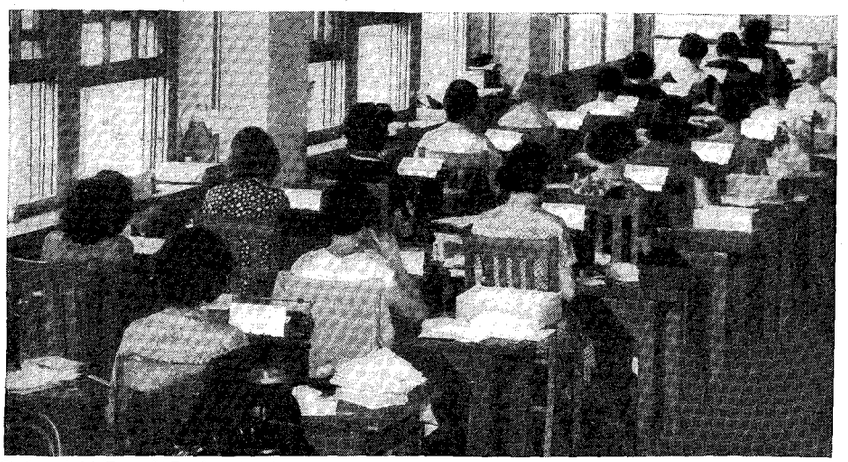
Workshops *versus* Doll-Houses

Interested in Engines, the Son Goes to Technical School, but Parents Forget That Girls, Too, Can Have Careers



Photograph by Harry S. Drucker

"Whether work will be a career, or only just a job, depends largely on how soon, and how intently, a girl plans for it"

"When young *Fred* displays an interest in engines, his breathless family immediately fits out an expensive workshop for him in the basement and sends for tech.-school catalogs," writes Marian Castle in *Independent Woman.*

"But if *Frederica* shows an aptitude for dressmaking, no small-sized sewing-machine is ever bought; no catalog requests are sent to schools of design. Some one merely gives her a few scraps for doll-dresses, and remarks complacently that *Frederica* will make a good wife."

This, Miss Castle says, is the attitude of the average parents and others responsible for the upbringing of girls. Rarely are they accorded the assistance boys enjoy. "In fact," she says, "any girl setting out to build her own career must face the fact that not from her family, nor from her school, nor from public opinion, will she receive the encouragement that her brother does."

Successes

And that, remarks Miss Castle, is why the great majority of the millions of women employed to-day are just "holding down a job." Really successful business and professional women, she says, are few.

Those that achieved the heights did so, in most cases, because their determination to succeed was greater than the active or passive resistance of those who should have lent them a hand.

It is, she contends, a lamentable state of affairs, for "Millions of women must work at some time during their lives." Whether this work will be a career, or only just a job, depends largely on how soon, and how intently, a girl plans for it.

The early conditioning of *Frederica* is bad, not only because it "tends to push aside her choosing an occupation, but because nature also takes a hand. When in her teens, she becomes, rightly, 'boy-crazy,' she is secretly sure that she will marry, and marriage alone will be job enough for her.

"Plenty of time to choose a career, she reasons, if she's still a spinster at thirty. But, alas, there will not be plenty of time then. She will find many of the most interesting occupations closed to the untrained thirty-year-olds.

Stimulus

"Young *Fred*, on the other hand, never thinks of marriage as an alternative to a career, but, rather, as a spur to one."

Admitting the well-known handicaps which a career-seeking girl has to face, especially if she is planning on marriage as well, Miss Castle points out that a girl will "get exactly nowhere," by "lashing herself into a foam over all these stumbling-blocks." They are surmountable.

And the rewards of a planned career are more than meet the casual eye. Among them "will be her enhanced attractiveness to men. I know," she states, "that the old gentleman with sideburns and the romantic conviction that a lady's place is in the cozy-corner will fiercely deny this. Yet it is a truism even to him that no woman is so desirable as the one who seems *not* to be lying in wait for a solitaire and a hope-chest."

"The World's Slow Stain"

"You have known persons who started out in youth with a soul like a sword—keen, and bright, and uncompromising," writes Channing Pollock in the September issue of *The Reader's Digest.* "Then came what Shelley calls, 'the contagion of the world's slow stain.' That comes to most of us.

"We begin with a banner inscribed 'Excelsior' and gradually the dust of battle obliterates everything but the second syllable. We find that honor and truth and stedfastness don't mean as much as we thought. . . .

"Youth is naturally idealistic. I think even our modern pragmatic youngsters begin with a will to develop what Kant called 'that divine man within us.'

"And then, slowly, comes a subtle undermining, brick by brick. Older and—we are sure—wiser people smile at our faiths. Secretly, and a little shamefacedly, we believe in love, and marriage, and loyalty, and courage, and incorruptibility.

"We find that love and marriage are really good jokes, treated lightly and scornfully by every comedian; we discover that loyalty—to one's life partner, anyway—is merely stupid and *popotte*. . . .

Disloyalties

"Disloyalty to your wife isn't serious; well, then, how serious is a little disloyalty to your friend? And, after all, wasn't this leaning backward to be honest rather silly?

"*Black* became a famous lawyer by getting guilty men off unpunished, and is made president of our club, to which *Brown*, who must be convinced his client is right, can't afford to belong. Do we look up to *Black*, or to *Brown?* . . .

"What price glory and honor and incorruptibility when everybody else—well, nearly everybody else—has thrown the cargo overboard, and won the blue ribbon thereby? Weren't those early ideals of ours rather foolish, and juvenile, and impractical?

"I suppose so, but they were rather fine and lustrous, too. . . . Contemplating the adolescence through which we scorned the wrong, some of us must wish that . . . 'we could be born old, and grow younger, and cleaner, and ever simpler and more innocent, until at last, with the white soul of little children, we lay us down to eternal sleep.'

"Our Achillean heel, of course, is what Phillips Russell, in his biography of Emerson, calls 'grubby thing worship.' . . .

"We must have a servant, and a radio, and a motor-car—legitimate ambitions, of course—but, then, we must have two servants, and then three, and four, and a flock of motor-cars. Who doubts that the author who earns $2,000 a week in Hollywood is more important than our modern Thoreau—if any . . . ?

Winners

"Luckily . . . there are still a good many banners nailed to the mast. Our legislative halls may not be crowded with men who had rather be right than be President—or Members of Congress—but there are thousands in our schools, and pulpits, and laboratories.

"There are the few who love the job for the job's sake, and have no material interests of equal strength. There are a few of them in the arts and professions, a few more in business, and, I suppose, one or two—somewhere—in politics. . . .

"My deepest conviction is that 'if the single man plant himself indomitably on his instincts, and there abide, the huge world will come round to him.' . . . The man most needed in America to-day is the man not afraid."

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Persons and Personalities

Acme

Sir Malcolm Campbell in his salt-encrusted Bluebird *after record run*

Years ago, a lanky boy, eyes popping, hair ruffled, whizzed down the steep slopes of Bickley Hill and through the town of Chislehurst, Kent, England. There, when he brought his careening bicycle to a stop, a local bobby appeared and placed him under arrest. The charge was speeding (possibly twenty-seven miles an hour) and endangering the lives of others.

Last week, that same boy, now fifty, on Bonneville Salt Flats in Utah, climbed out of his great racing-machine, the *Bluebird,* having covered a measured course at an average speed of 301.337 miles an hour. This time there were no arrests.

Instead, there were congratulations. **Sir Malcolm Campbell,** world's greatest automobile driver, had beaten his own breath-taking record, and achieved a goal for which he long had aimed: to pilot a car traveling five miles a minute.

Fast driver tho he is, Malcolm Campbell confines his speeding to the track. On ordinary highways he is a careful motorist. But the love of speed always was in his blood.

Graduating

From that far-away bicycle he graduated to motor-cycles, from motor-cycles to automobiles. He then had a fling at air-planes.

In 1909, he built a plane with the aid of a friend and the village carpenter. On its first flight it cracked up. Campbell gave up flying, and went back to automobiles, altho during the War he served in the Royal Flying Corps.

When the War was over, he resumed automobile-racing. Every one of his racing-cars has been named *Bluebird,* a title he chose after seeing Maeterlinck's play of that name, symbol of the unattainable.

Dirt-tracks proved too slow for him. In 1927, at Pendine Sands, in Wales, he made his first record: 174 miles an hour. This a little later was topped by Sir Henry Segrave with 203 miles an hour. Undaunted, Campbell came to Daytona Beach, in 1928, and catapulted his *Bluebird* along the Florida sands to win over his rival by a scant three miles an hour.

In 1929, Segrave raised the record to 231. In 1931, however, again at Daytona, Campbell chalked up a new record: 245. From then on he was undisputed king.

At Daytona, in 1932, he made 253. In 1933, he pushed his record up to 272. In March, 1935, he reached 276, tho carbon-monoxid fumes nearly gassed him.

Bonneville Salt Flats was Campbell's first experience at driving on salt—not the fine salt of the dinner-table, but a hard, flat sheet like ice.

On Labor Day, he made a test-run of 238 miles an hour. The next morning, the *Bluebird,* refueled, checked, and tuned by Campbell's own mechanics, stood at the south end of the thirteen-mile course, waiting the "clear" signal. Finally it came.

Triumph

Campbell adjusted his dark goggles, waved his hand, grasped the wheel. Off! In less than a mile the big machine was traveling at top speed, straddling the black, eight-inch guide-line. On and on it raced to cover a measured mile, half-way along the course, in less than twelve seconds.

Twice he covered the course. Out at the rate of 304.331; back at 298.013, a speed average which is the world's top.

Blue-eyed and handsome, Malcolm Campbell looks younger than his fifty years. He likes clothes, and has all his suits made by a Bond Street tailor.

He is high-strung, nervous, and smokes incessantly. An inherited fortune and a seat at Lloyd's enable him to indulge in his favorite sport of racing-automobiles. He has a garageful of cars, and a yacht. He loves dogs. A small pack of Alsatian wolf-hounds sleeps outside his bedroom door.

He is superstitious, and believes in predestination. When racing, he usually carries a horseshoe, or wears a string of good-luck charms his wife has gathered for him. Blue is his favorite color. All his racing-cars are blue. Last March, when he was record-breaking at Daytona, every article of his attire was blue.

* * *

Ruth Chatterton, Hollywood's *grande dame,* and Martin L. Davey, Ohio's affable Governor, awed boyish **Harold Neumann,** winner of the two main events of Cleveland's National Air Races, far more than any perils of the air.

In a casual outfit of blue trousers and tan shirt open at the collar, the Moline, Illinois, farm-boy made flying history last week by winning the Thompson Trophy, carrying $6,750 in prize-money; and the Greve Trophy, bringing $4,500: pocketing $11,500 out of $25,000 in prizes.

Straightening the brown hair that cow-licked over his forehead, the twenty-nine-year-old racing-pilot diffidently accepted the ornate gold Thompson Trophy from Miss Chatterton, who had flown to the races in her own plane.

Governor Davey led the crowd of notables anxious to shake hands with the jockey-built rider of sky-thoroughbreds. Reporters and cameramen rushing the winner found a bashful young man, looking like a mechanic's assistant.

"Facing the movie-cameras and the crowd afterwards was harder than flying in the race itself," he wrote for the Cleveland *Plain Dealer.*

The Cleveland meet was all in the day's work to Neumann, representative of the new type of racing-pilot, combining the precision of a technician with the daring of a stunt-flyer. Neumann averaged a little more than 220 miles an hour over the 150-mile course, never permitting his plane to go so fast as to endanger the motor.

This speed was under the track-record of 252.68 miles, set by Maj. James H. Doolittle in 1932.

The aviator's chief interest was in the plane he flew. Like Lindbergh and his *Spirit of St. Louis,* Neumann and his *Mr. Mulligan* were welded into one unit of flesh and metal: "We."

Wide World

Harold Neumann and his wife: Mr. Mulligan *also was honored*

What's the Name, Please?

Chamot—of Cornell's chemistry staff—the wise address him *shah-mo.*

Crecraft—of Univ. of Akron faculty—*cre* rimes with *pray: cray'craft.*

Curme—of Northwestern U. faculty—just one syllable: the second *term* is under *Curme.*

Denyes—on faculty of Lawrence College—just as spelled: *den'yes.*

de Sauzé—professor of French at Western Reserve—give *the bouquet* to *de Sauzé (so-zay').*

Deutsch—provost, Univ. of California—*deu* rimes with *boy: doytch.*

Ducasse—heads Brown's philosophy staff—bows to American usage and accepts *du-kass'.*

Fegtly—law dean at Univ. of Arizona—rimes with *freckly.*

Foerster—of Univ. of Iowa faculty—not *seconder,* but *firster.*

Hodous—of Hartford Theological faculty—rimes with *load us.*

—**Frank H. Vizetelly.**

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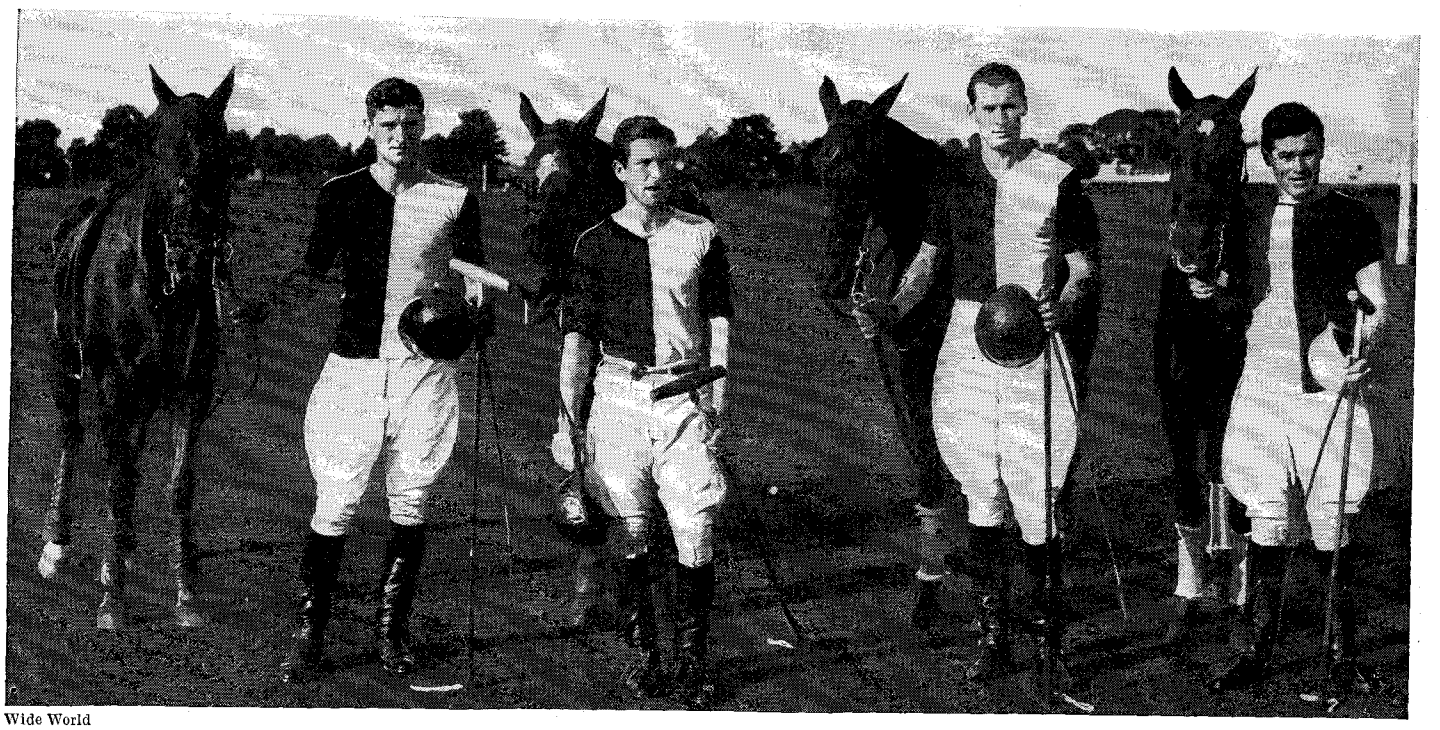
Dollar Democracy at Meadow Brook

U. S. Polo Association, Following "Pete" Bostwick's Lead, Experiments With Cheap Seats for Open Championship, Clearing the Way for New Era in Once Exclusive Sport



Wide World

Templeton, 1934 winners and favorites to repeat this week in the U. S. Open polo championships . . . left to right, *Ray Guest, Stewart Iglehart, Winston Guest, and Michael Phipps*

More than 20,000 polo-fans had a chance to see their first championship polo for a dollar at International Field, Westbury, Long Island, this week. For its first experiment in dollar democracy the United States Polo Association offered the season's major attraction: the U. S. Open.

To play high-goal polo in this country it is supposed to cost, on an average, $10,000 a year. Last year single-game tickets to the East-West matches at Meadow Brook sold for as much as $11 each. Relatively, the game cost as much to watch as to play.

This year youthful George H. ("Pete") Bostwick, one of the best amateur jockeys in the country, sold first-rate polo at his field on Long Island for fifty cents a ticket. The crowds came, and, almost alone, Bostwick staged his own polo boom.

Impressed by Bostwick's success, the United States Polo Association has been selling unreserved seat-space at Meadow Brook for $1 a ticket. The entire East Stand, containing more than 20,000 seats, has been dedicated to the dollar democracy.

Frank Graham, sports-columnist of the New York *Sun*, chiefly concerned with major-league baseball, turned his attention to the new polo trend.

Wanted

"Polo as a popular sport is taking long strides and the United States Polo Association hopes it will take longer strides before the summer is over. There is a lingering notion in the mind of the public that it isn't wanted at Meadow Brook. This dates back to the time when it actually wasn't wanted, but the game has grown so tremendously in late years that it has passed out of control of the brass hats who thought that anybody who didn't own a string of polo-mounts was a peasant, and, as such, ineligible to park himself in the famous robin's-egg blue stands that border International Field.

"The younger players like to have people look at them when they play, because the presence of a cheering crowd back of the side boards gives added zest to the game. Besides, there is the matter of finances. Nobody interested in the sport wants to make any money out of it, but the scale on which it is being conducted nowadays requires a budget that needs some bolstering at the gate.

"At Meadow Brook cash customers will be welcome to sit anywhere save in the members' boxes or on the horses' backs."

To the customers at Meadow Brook this week the United States Polo Association offered the most important polo tournament of the year. The Monty Waterbury Memorial Handicap Tournament, chief handicap tournament in the country, was scheduled to follow it next week with the same teams entered as in the Open.

On the basis of the play in the Open, a committee will pick the American team that will go to England next Spring in defense of the Westchester Cup.

Last week seven teams clicked their mallets in preparation for the Open: Greentree, Aurora, Templeton (winner of the 1934 Open and Waterbury Cup), Westbury, Hurricanes, Long Island, and Hurlingham, the English team that probably will battle for the Westchester Cup next year. Templeton was the favorite, chiefly because Mike Phipps, Winston Guest, Stewart Iglehart, and Raymond Guest have turned the trick before. Their combined thirty-one-goal handicap was highest in the tournament, altho only in the Monty Waterbury are handicaps actually allowed in the scoring.

Best Field

Writing in the current issue of *The Sportsman*, Robert F. Kelley said: "If Hurlingham does win, they will have had the satisfaction of conquering the best field that has been in our Open for a great many years. No team entered is lower than twenty-four goals on handicap and two are thirty and thirty-one. The highest rated is the remarkable Templeton combination, led by the energetic Winston Guest, which has won the Open twice in the same combination —in 1932 and again last season. . . . It will be a great tournament."

In the same article, Kelley picks Thomas Hitchcock, Jr., for many years the outstanding polo-player in this country and rated at nine goals this year, and Winston Guest as two certain members of the American team to go abroad.

"Hitchcock has come back to play this year so very well, with so much left of the intelligent ferocity with which he plays the only game for which he has much sympathy, that it is practically certain he will be a member of the team again next year."

"Guest," continues Kelley, "is playing

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better polo, much of the time, because he has found the courage to temper his amazing physical gifts and unsurpassed keenness with a knowledge of how to play team-polo. Guest may not be quite as thrilling a sight in action now as he used to be. But he certainly is far more dangerous to opposing sides.

"These two seem fairly certain. For the others, the Open championship will largely tell the story."

No Certainty

Favored by most of the polo-experts, Templeton's triumph was no certainty last week, altho the Guest brothers, Phipps, and Iglehart have played together consistently since they put Yale on top in polo and kept her there. Possibilities of an off day, not rare in high-goal polo, kept the odds against Templeton at about five to one.

In championship polo, the ponies are 75 per cent. of the game. The Templeton string is almost inexhaustible, a factor that George T. Hammond, in the New York *Sun*, said "looms vastly more menacing than does Templeton's top rating of thirty-one goals aggregate handicap."

Greentree and Aurora were the other two favorites. Aurora, represented by "Shorty" Knox, Jimmy Mills, "Ebby" Gerry, and Billy Post, has plenty of youth and speed. Greentree, headed by Hitchcock, who is playing great polo this year, is bolstered by "Pete" Bostwick, Gerald Balding, and "Jock" Whitney, who has been trying for several years to send a Grand National winner over to Aintree.

Despite the dollar seats and the quality of play in the tournament now in progress on Long Island, it has been hard to sell polo to the public, partly because of the unimaginative names of the teams. Most of them, like Aurora and Greentree, are named after quiet, country estates.

Tom Reilly, in the New York *World-Telegram*, regretted that "there are no Nebraska Wildcats, Detroit Tigers, or Manassa Maulers" and that "the three cowboys—Smith, Williams and Floyd—have first names such as Cecil, Cuthbert, and Aubrey," but admitted that "the knock-out punch, blinding speed, and pulse-quickening thrill are there."

Unlike the names of their teams, and their manners over the teacups, the mallet-swingers can be tough and ferocious once play has begun.

In a piece on the tournament last week, Reilly wrote: "Boots mean war to these babies, and, surveying the world over a horse's withers with a nice, long mallet in their hands, they bar nobody from Argentine gauchos to Hindu princes."

Sport Shots

Ex-Student: Early in August, Frankie Parker, nineteen-year-old Lawrenceville schoolboy and fourth in the national tennis ranking for 1934, said he and his coach, Mercer Beasley, were "perfectly satisfied" with Parker's pushing, chopping forehand.

Late last spring, Beasley announced that his star pupil was more interested in getting an education than in playing for the Davis Cup.

Last week Fred Perry blasted Parker's patting forehand all over a wet court in the nationals at Forest Hills, and put out America's number four in straight sets, one of them at love.

Next day Parker announced he was through with school, and that he would devote the next few months entirely to tennis and to his efforts to land a Davis Cup singles-berth for 1936.

Said Mr. Beasley: "The basic trouble with Frank this season is that he had a swelled head. He just won't swing on that forehand. I've tried to make him, but he just can't or won't. I'm not trying to cover myself up. The boy admits it himself."

* * *

Bonus: Staked Plains, fractious throughout, threw two riders three times before he also ran at Narragansett Park, Rhode Island, last week. To Jockey Clarence Reid, who stuck to his job after twice landing on the ground, the racing association paid a twenty-five-dollar bonus.

* * *

Grateful: Babe Ruth last week found it "nice to know that the National League has a heart." To Ruth, who played in the American League for all but a few months of his twenty-one years in baseball, Ford Frick sent a lifetime pass for all National League games.

"For over twenty years," said Ruth, in thanking President Frick, "I have always kept faith with the baseball-fans and with my employers. . . . I want you to know that this touch of sentiment and appreciation will never be forgotten."

* * *

Precedent: Preseason optimism from coaches is almost unknown in college football. Most of them take their cues from "Gloomy Gil" Dobie of Cornell, whose "poor material" speech has been an annual sports-page feature.

Last week Jim Crowley of Fordham and Gar Davidson of Army broke with tradition and announced themselves well pleased with their prospects for the 1935 season.

* * *

Engaged: The night he knocked out Primo Carnera, Joe Louis declared his mother was his only sweetheart. For girls he had precious little but indifference.

Last week a Chicago stenographer, Marva Trotter, announced her engagement to the Brown Bomber, who fights Max Baer in New York September 24.

"I met Marva in Chicago more than six months ago," said Louis. "It was just a case of love at first sight. It's just one of those feelings that creep up on you. Yep—I'm in love."

Miss Trotter, frail and nineteen, said she was not marrying Louis because he is a great fighter, but "because he is a fine man, modest and gentlemanly."

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ATHLETE'S FOOT isn't as deadly as the GILA MONSTER . . .

but it's a thousand times more widespread

● Although horrible to look at, the gila monster has some of the beauty of excellent beadwork. But there is nothing lovely about *tinea trichophyton* (the fungus which causes Athlete's Foot).

The Athlete's Foot fungus may be lurking right now on your bathroom floor, or in the locker room at your club or gym.

Not until the boring, dreaded fungus has prodded its way into the tender flesh between your toes do you know it's got you. Then—redness, tiny itching blisters appear. Perhaps—excessive moisture, white, dead-looking skin, swelling and pain begin to plague you. Any of those signs may mean ATHLETE'S FOOT is digging into your toes!

Use Absorbine Jr. at Once

At the very first symptom—douse on Absorbine Jr.! Laboratory tests show that it kills *tinea trichophyton* in thirty seconds after it has penetrated to the pest.

Always keep Absorbine Jr. in your medicine cabinet and in the locker at your club or gym. Use it after every bath to refresh your feet and kill the fungus before it has a chance to dig in. Even your socks must be boiled 15 minutes to kill the fungus.

Don't be a victim of the switch racket. Good dealers will give you the genuine Absorbine Jr. when you ask for it. Refuse substitutes . . . It's thrifty to use Absorbine Jr. because it takes so little to bring relief. At all druggists $1.25 a bottle. For free sample write to W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains, sleeplessness, and SUNBURN

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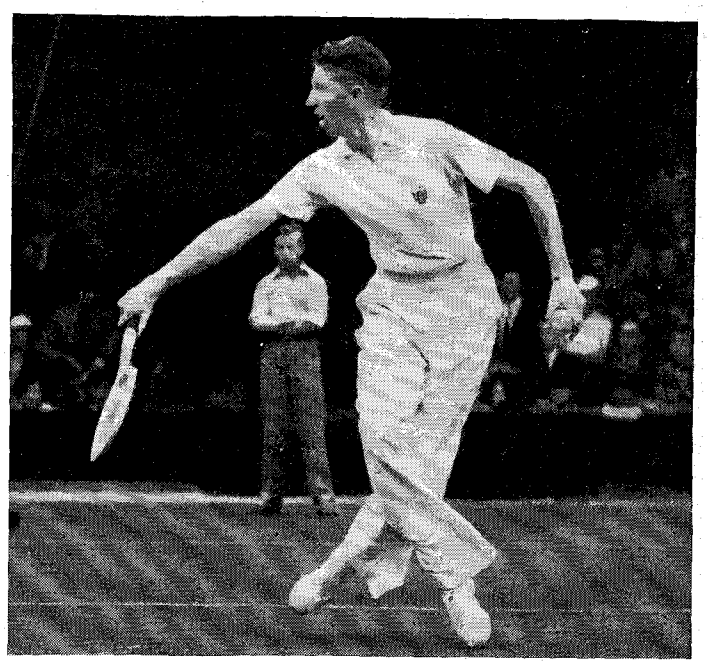
Weather Winner at Forest Hills

Continual Downpour Holds Up Progress of National Tennis Championships While Perry Discusses Future of Budge—Champion Turns Other Cheek to Tilden's Criticism



Keystone photographs

Fred Perry, **left,** ***who hopes to leave Forest Hills this week with his third American tennis-title in his pocket and Donald Budge, picked as chief obstacle to his plans***

Rain kept Frederick John Perry from winning the men's national singles championship at Forest Hills last week. Tennis moguls sat around the English club-house playing bridge with sticky cards and wondering whether their final round might not have to compete with the Harvard-Yale football game.

Continuous postponements caused the players to fret and fear that the downpour which washed out most of the scheduled matches last week might ruin their form.

One who failed to fret was twenty-year-old J. Donald Budge, flaming-haired Californian, who was picked by the experts to meet Perry in the finals of the men's singles. Budge, freckled-faced, and, according to his doubles partner, Gene Mako, the world's homeliest player, sat in the club-house tieless, tapping his foot to the wail of saxophones.

Suggestion

John Kieran, of the New York *Times*, suggested a method of beating Perry:

"There's one way of stopping Perry from romping over some of our best young tennis-players. Turn on the rain. A critic asked the ace of the courts what he thought of Frank Parker's forehand. Fred made a frank reply, but there was no need of words at all. 6—4, 6—2, 6—0 for Perry. The score told what F. Perry of Merrie England must have thought of the Parker forehand."

Kieran, looking through the drizzle at Forest Hills, thought the Davis Cup was farther away from America than ever.

"How will we win it? And when? The country that has the Number One Player has the man who carries the fight and wins the victory. The others are simply the necessary supporting cast, soldiers, citizens, and merry villagers."

A. Wallis Myers, tall, dignified, gray-haired British tennis-expert, said the same thing in this month's *Sportsman*.

"What it all amounts to is this—the Davis Cup, as in Tilden's years of supremacy, follows the country with the champion player."

The main subject of the tennis stories sat in his hotel room in New York, answered telephone calls, cursed the rain, and granted an interview while shaving.

The black-haired Briton, whose eyes are so close together that one of them looks as tho it were trying to climb over the bridge of his nose, cut himself twice while discussing Budge.

To Perry, 55 per cent. of tennis is ability, 30 per cent. stamina, and 15 per cent. pure luck. He thinks Budge is twice as good as he was last year and that if the Oakland boy improves as much in the next twelve months as he has in the last, no one will be able to stop him.

Perry waved his razor in the air, spattered shaving-soap on his chest, but refused to turn prophet.

"Last winter Budge changed his forehand, which shows he is made of the right stuff. But you never can tell. I think Allison is your best player now, but your best bet is Budge. Budge has a good head on his shoulders and the galleries want to see him win as they once wanted to see me win. You know, the underdog business. Having the crowd with you is a very important psychological factor. It works the other way, too. I'll have to be bumped off sooner or later and Budge may do it.

"Budge lacks Allison's experience, but he'll get it and then the question will be whether he can go ahead to the top or not."

Perry had nothing to say about William T. Tilden's criticism of his form.

In his magazine, *Racquet*, Tilden wrote: "I can not make up my mind whether Fred Perry is the greatest tennis-player with no strokes, or the worst stroke-player with the greatest results, or the first exponent of a new technique of which I and apparently all others know nothing, or what he is."

Defender

Perry's play did not lack defenders in the press. Al Laney wrote in the New York *Herald Tribune:* "The fact is that Perry's methods are not perfect, but they are his own and he is criticized because he makes shots no other man can. He is the distance-runner and the dash-man in one, and no man less fit than himself, or slower, can hold him in check for he is mechanically perfect in his ground-strokes and ruthless in his volleying. He has the stamina of a great athlete, unique mobility, and a rapidity of stroke-production that seems to rush his opponents into error."

"Those chaps can write what they think. They are paid for it. I am not. My job is to play tennis." That was Perry's answer to the press.

Whether Budge would beat the champion at Forest Hills when the rain let up was less than an open question last week. Most experts thought Budge a dangerous bet.

Perry's praise for Budge is generous.

"Budge has the stuff. But you can't count your chickens before they're hatched. It's been done, before, what?"

One chicken that was as good as hatched last week was Fred Perry's third consecutive American tennis-title.

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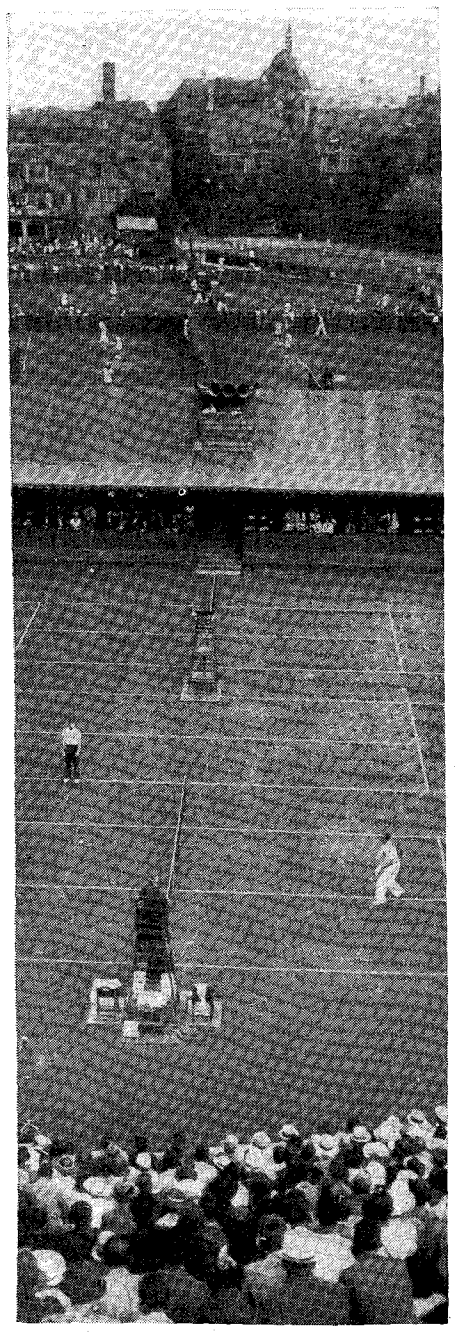
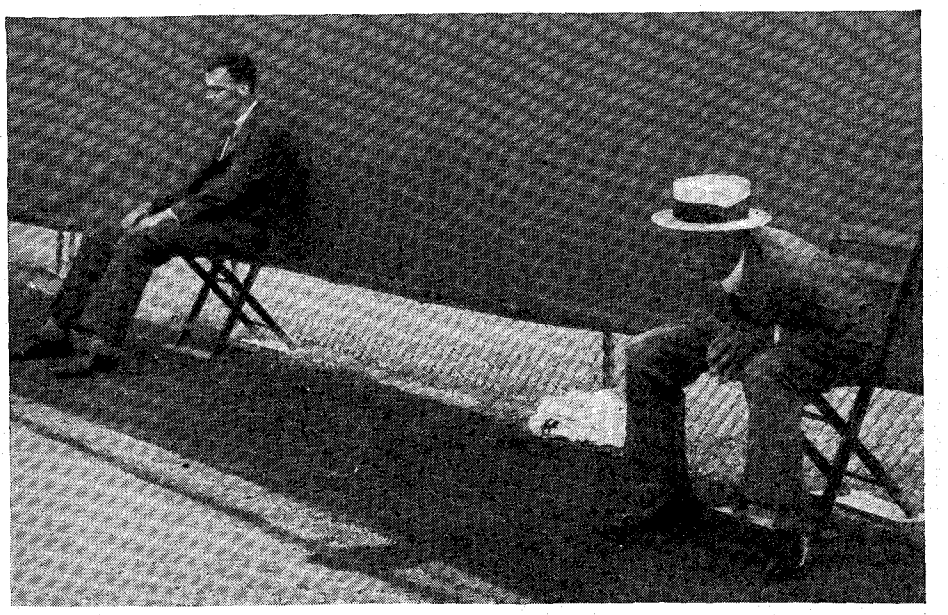


Acme

Stadium and field-courts at Forest Hills, with club-house in background

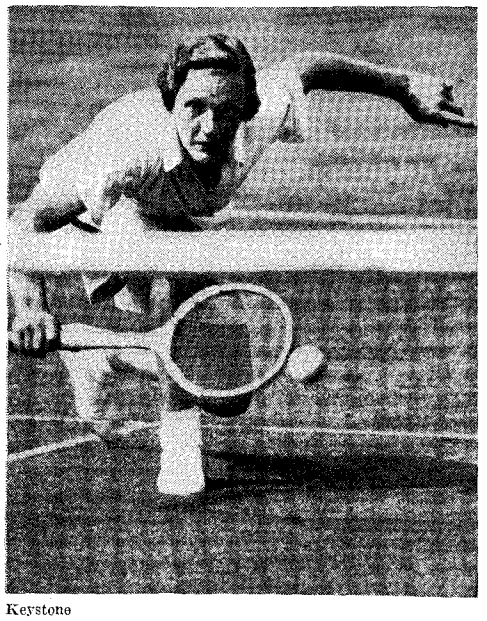


Max Hass

One linesman presents a study in concentration, while the other waits placidly. Sometimes both are rewarded with glares from the players and the crowd

Max Haas

Forest Hills is a paradise for autograph-hunters during the national tennis championships. Here is "Bitsy" Grant trying to say "no" to a few of them



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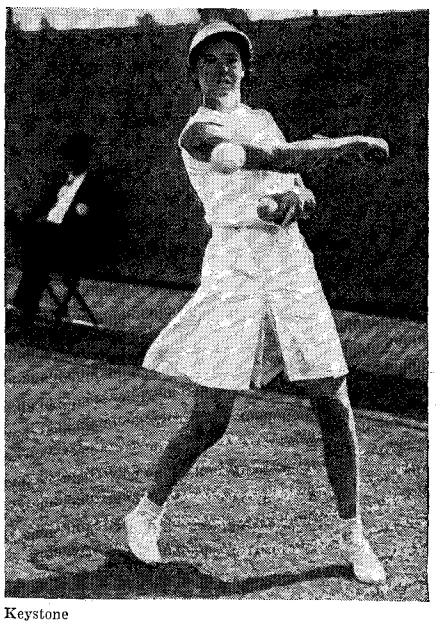

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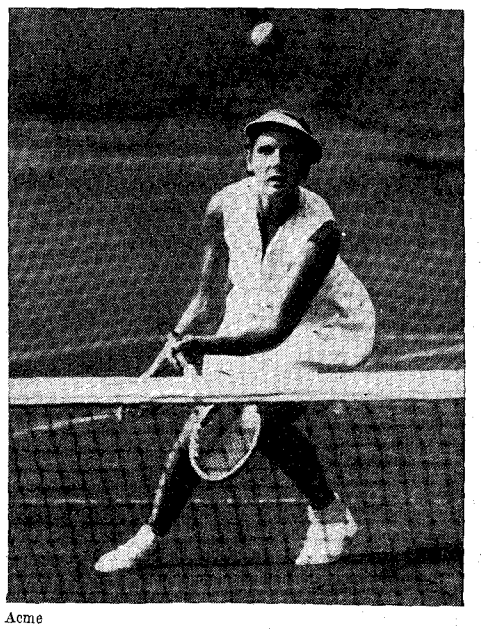

Acme

Three leading contenders for the women's singles title: Left to right: *Helen Jacobs of California, last year's winner; Mrs. Sarah Palfrey Fabyan of Massachusetts; and Katherine Stammers of England*

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Wall Street Expects Better Trade

Bullishness on Conditions and Outlook Has Now Become General; J. P. Morgan & Company Divides Itself; Bank Earnings Are Low; World War Bonds Will Vanish Soon

Henry Sturges Morgan: At thirty-five an outstanding Wall Street figure

For trade and finance early September has become a season of manifold surveys and forecasts, and this year's crop is strongly marked by optimistic recognition that natural forces of recovery are actively in operation. The recognition is belated, but now widely proclaimed. An unseasonally good summer is expected to be followed by a seasonally far better autumn.

That is the consensus. Only a little while ago, confidently outspoken prophets of early improvement were few and derided. There was the whimsical General Dawes, who set July as the starting-time for real industrial recuperation. There was the intrusive Major Angas, who wrote of the coming American boom and came over from London to talk about it. There were not many more. Now, however, there is an army, and derision has dwindled to a whisper, or less.

To be sure, there are many attendant ifs and buts, and much assertion that recovery would have been extensive long ago had it not been for the barriers and bogies set up by heretics at Washington. Particularly do anti-Administration newspapers contend with sophistry that the improvement now obvious does not deny that Administration policies are preventive of improvement.

But that is unimportant. What counts is that American business is palpably better, that there is definite indication of further betterment for a time, and that business sentiment is shaping itself accordingly.

Of this, however, there has been measurable anticipation by forward-looking Wall Street. In so far as share-prices relate to corporation earnings and dividends, much that is now in prospect has been discounted through recent months, and the stock market must be increasingly dependent upon easy money and speculative enthusiasms to carry on its August-interrupted advance. The easy money will surely be available. The enthusiasms may or may not be so constant.

Altho Congress is out of action for a while, uncertainties of politics and government remain. Application of recent legislation to various industrial and financial situations is now at hand; fundamental questions of vast importnce will presently be before the Supreme Court; the shadow of Congress will become threatening again before the holidays; its new sitting will mark the opening of an epochal political campaign. Thus, current Wall Street optimism can not count on wholly cloudless skies, sustained tho it may be by the progress of the business cycle.

Child of Morgan

The great House of Morgan divided itself, and two major New York banks reduced their dividend rates last week, all for the same reason—insufficient profit in the business of banking. Federal policies dictate abnormally low money rates and abnormally large excess reserves. Federal statutes forbid banks of deposit to engage in underwriting and distributing securities. A minimum of earning-power is the result, and there is no present prospect of change.

Some such action as that now taken by J. P. Morgan & Company has been expected in Wall Street for some time. By its own election the firm remained a depository and gave up its investment-banking activities when the Banking Act of 1933 required it to choose one or the other. Doubtless it expected that requirement to be eliminated from the law before long.

Congress recently refused elimination, however, and now Morgan & Company has adjusted itself to the situation. A handful of its partners, including Henry Sturges Morgan, has withdrawn to form the security-distributing organization of Morgan, Stanley & Company, in which Morgan & Company partners, as individuals, will be shareholders. That the Morgan name would long remain disassociated with security underwriting and selling was never a possibility.

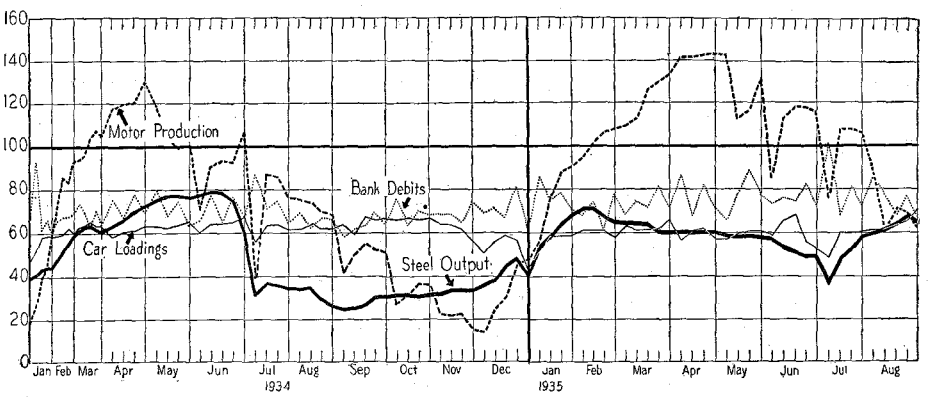
© Underwood

Harold Stanley: Withdraws as Morgan partner to head Morgan, Stanley & Company

Thus Henry Sturges Morgan, younger son of the second John Pierpont, becomes, at thirty-five, an outstanding Wall Street figure, while his elder brother, Junius Spencer Morgan, remains a partner of J. P. Morgan & Company, in line for its headship. Assigned to Morgan, Stanley & Company also is Partner Harold Stanley, once brilliant executive in the Guaranty Trust organization, as head; and William Ewing, long a Morgan associate. From the Morgan domain in Philadelphia, which is Drexel & Company, will come Percy E. Hall and Edward H. York, Jr.

Wall Street will not hail the new firm as new. It will include it in the already comprehensive word "Morgan."

The cutting of dividend rates by two



Four Indicators of Business Activity

This chart shows percentage of deviation from weekly averages of ten years ago, 1923-1925 inclusive. The heavy line represents steel-ingot production in percentage of total plant-capacity. The other lines show total freight car-loading, bank debits outside New York City, and automobile production. The chart covers the week ending August 31

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outstanding Wall Street banks last week was clearly indicative of contracted banking earnings. Both the Central Hanover Bank & Trust Company and the Bankers Trust Company explained that diminished operating profits were responsible. Neither of the rates which were lowered was excessive, one having been $6 and the other $3 a share per annum.

Preservation of dividends is a matter of pride with most bankers, and it is a fair assumption that those of well-established banks are not reduced light-heartedly, or when ability to maintain them is in early prospect. Such ability, however, is obviously circumscribed now. Administration easy-money policies deny hope of any material increase in deposit-banking earnings for a considerable further time. No such trade improvement or demand for capital as would raise interest rates profitably is in sight, and the ban upon participation in security underwritings continues.

Larger assessments for Federal deposit insurance are now to be met. Higher living costs are already beginning to require an upward readjustment of the salaries of bank employees. Offsetting economies of operation are limited because of the public's need and demand for service.

In the end, perhaps, that service will have to be curtailed or made more costly to those who use it. If so, a large section of the citizenry will become emphatically, if unreasonably, indignant.

Exit Liberty Bonds

It took the Government nearly sixteen years after the War Between the States ended to complete the redemption or conversion of its war-loans. Last week, nearly sixteen years after the World War ended, the Government announced the refinancing of the last of its interest-bearing bonds produced by that conflict. A month hence $21,000,000,000 of World War debt in its original forms will have disappeared.

The final refinancing announcement showed Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau to be unimpressed by recent heaviness of the government bond market or by the partial failure of an offering of Federal Farm Mortgage bonds a week earlier. In exchange for the last $1,250,000,000 Liberty bonds outstanding he offered either twelve-year 2¾ per cent. bonds or three-and-one-half-year 1½ per cent. notes.

The bond-interest rate is the lowest ever proposed by the Government for a bond that did not carry the circulation privilege. The notes were so immediately desirable last week that an additional offering of $500,000,000 of them for cash was heavily oversubscribed in a single day, largely by banks and other financial institutions. Secretary Morgenthau was vastly pleased.

Doubtless most small investors will take cash from the Government for their Liberty 4¼s, or the new 2¾s in exchange. Larger holders, however, will prefer the short-term notes, particularly the banks. Whether or not completion of the matter will lift pressure from the market for government obligations remains to be seen. At any rate, there will be no more War bonds after October 15, except those which careless owners neglect to turn in to the Treasury.

The War-bond conversions, one by one, have gone far to cut down the Government's annual dues for interest. The average rate on the national debt is now down close to 3 per cent., whereas it was 4⅜ in the years following the end of the War. Federal borrowing in the last two years has been vast, yet interest-bearing obligations are paying a smaller amount of interest annually than a dozen years ago when their total was some $6,000,000,000 less than now.

Silver-Buying

The Treasury disclosed last week that since the adoption of the new silver policy it has bought more than 500,000,000 ounces, and now holds approximately 1,160,000,000 ounces with a monetary value of slightly less than $1,500,000,000.

Yet upwards of 1,300,000,000 ounces more must be purchased to meet the requirements of the Silver Purchase Law and make silver reserves one-third as large as those of gold. Present gold reserves exceed $9,200,000,000.

In the current bulletin of the National City Bank, George E. Roberts, economist, has written extensively of China's economic difficulties, and their continuing aggravation by the silver policy of the United States. "These difficulties," he said, "have not grown less in recent months; on the contrary, they have grown more acute. With a constant drain upon its circulating medium China is in the position of an individual being gradually deprived of its life-blood. Money is tight and trade is being stifled."

The United States now has to take all the silver offered in its effort to hold the price at a fictitious level. When it stops, Mr. Roberts thinks, "a heavy price-decline seems unavoidable," since the country's policy has been destroying the natural market, and thereby "inflicting the severest punishment upon the one great country still loyal to silver as a standard of money—China."

Irritated Brokers

Wall Street brokers are showing and voicing exasperation over the large and increasing number of daily, weekly, and monthly records for which they are called upon by the Securities Commission, the Federal Reserve Board and the Stock Exchange itself. Compilation of the data consumes both time and money, and both costs increase with stock-market activity.

"Brokerage firms," says the New York *Herald Tribune*, "face the task of filing forty different reports on their business activities every month for a year or more, according to a list drawn up by the auditor of one of the larger houses. Of this number only seven were required prior to the time securities legislation became effective.

"It is probable that a large number of the periodic reports will be discontinued as soon as the Securities and Exchange Commission and the Federal Reserve Board have determined the effect of certain regulations imposed upon the brokerage business. Other forms, however, are likely to become permanent additions to the clerical duties of reporting firms."

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The Open Forum

Youth "Not Shielded"

Sir:—I have just finished reading in the August 31 issue of THE DIGEST the article "No More Deference to Youth," in which Pearl S. Buck dwells on the fact (?) that the young people of this generation are "shielded, coaxed, praised, indulged" by fond parents, and, in consequence, have become docile toward life.

I should like to know the young people whom she contacted in getting material for her article. . . . A very small percentage of the young people I know have been shielded from the bitter realities in life, and even a smaller percentage have never rebelled against parents and teachers.

Realizing, however, as I do, that the author of the article referred to has traveled a great deal more than I have, and that her knowledge of human nature is, of course, greatly superior to mine, I also realize that, perhaps, she is right when she says, "We have built a race of beautiful creatures with no anger and no determinations." If this statement is a fact, I can only say that those young people do not live in this little corner of the universe.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL.

Sulphur, Oklahoma.

Parents to Blame

Sir:—The article, "No More Deference to Youth," in THE DIGEST of August 31, touches a subject of vital importance to our social welfare.

Many of the ills of our social system are traceable to the delinquency of parents. I quote from an address delivered to our Commercial Club on "Civic Duty":

"That our country is notorious for the crimes committed within its bounds is a serious indictment of our laxity in the enforcement of laws aimed at the correction of petty offenses, which are the beginning of a criminal education.

"The necessity for enforcing some of these laws is largely the fault of parents who failed in the most important duty of parenthood, which is to teach children, by precept and example, obedience and respect for the rights of others."

Freeburg, Illinois. GEORGE K. THOMAS.

For the Record

Sir:—In the August 10 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, you printed a full page article regarding medical care as given the unemployed in Los Angeles.

We feel that your article created the impression that this was something new. May we inform you that this procedure has been followed in nearly every county in the United States? Oakland County has been allowing complete medical, dental, and nursing care to the unemployed since January, 1934.

Pontiac, Michigan. R. G. TUCK, M.D.

Thank You, Mr. Martin

Sir:—I want to take this opportunity to express our appreciation for the fine article which appeared in the August 17 issue of THE LITERARY DIGEST, entitled "Take It As Scouts, With Chins Up."

E. S. MARTIN,
National Director Publications
Boy Scouts of America.

New York City.

Anglo-Ethiopian Debate

Sir:—I am surprized that a paper of your standing and supposed intelligence should publish such puerile rubbish as the two anti-British (there is no such country as England) letters in the number of August 24. What can be gained by such nonsense? It is all right for a man to be anti-British if he feels that way; but a publication such as yours should be no means for airing his views. Britain is only trying to maintain the treaties signed after the War, and certainly does not want to engage in another war, and will, naturally, use all possible means to avoid it.

If Italy had taken a notion to seize Costa Rica or Panama would it have been all right with "L. R."? I have an idea he would have been one of the first to howl. "It all depends whose ox is gored."

WALTER H. B. ARMITT.

Seattle.

Sir:—Concerning Ethiopia versus Italy: The argument that a nation is overpopulated and must seek outlet elsewhere is an admission that its government is old-fashioned. An enlightened government furnishes the people with population-control information instead of sending them to war. Much can also be done by popularizing sterilization. Altho you are too "conservative" to publish this note, you should be advanced enough to junk letters like De Perno's, at least his population paragraph.

ARTHUR P. JACOT.

Asheville, North Carolina.

Sir:—Every time I read of England's objections to Italy in the name of "peace," I feel like singing, "Why Don't You Practise What You Preach?" How did England come to master the world? By high-pressure, convincing talk, I suppose. No! England's supremacy arose over the blood spilled by the Indian, Negro, Brown, Yellow, and White races. Why? To satisfy her lust for gold and power. And yet when my people ask the right to live and breathe in a colony, her own by rights of previous treaties, we Italians are considered cruel and barbaric. If we are cruel and barbaric, why doesn't *John Bull* render back the lands "he" stole?

In brief, let all the nations mind their business concerning Italy. Remember, we conquered the *world* once; shall we be hindered by a puny nation? JOSEPH VINCI.

New York City.

Sir:—The peace of Europe lies in a United States of Europe and peace of the world in the federation of mankind; that day, however, is not yet "around the corner." For the present, at least, the British Empire must be kept intact, there being nothing in sight good enough, humane enough, to take its place, and calamitous would be the rise of a new Roman Empire across Britain's main artery.

Before it's too late, therefore, let the United States serve a notice upon the rest of the world: "While we won't meddle with others' affairs, one thing we wouldn't, couldn't countenance—break-up of the British Empire."

Speak out now and save unnecessary toll of blood, money, suffering, and its attendant hate and rancor. JUNZO KISHI.

New York City.

For Juries—Bah!

Sir:—Cheers for Mr. Heyman's plea (THE LITERARY DIGEST, August 31) for jury reform!

Cow-eyed housewives who understand the art of baking bread far better than the art of cross-questioning—dull laborers who have completed their education in the fifth grade, prejudiced brothers who understand the lodge distress-signal, sentimental sisters, whose tears flow at slightest provocation—these, with an occasional intelligent citizen, who easily abdicates when he realizes his futile task of penetrating thick skulls, form our deplorable system whereby, only too frequently, "liberty," and not justice, are given to men.

As for me, give me three experienced judges. I'll submit my case to them. As for juries—bah!

REV. HERMAN BIELENBERG.

Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Aftermath

—Elderman in the Washington Post.

An Exception to Mr. Hunt

Sir:—I must take exception to Mr. Frazier Hunt's expression, "Listening to America's Voice." I doubt very much if Mr. Hunt ever thought of the foundation America stands on, "Taxation without representation." I wonder how a man can travel through that many States, hear so loud a voice, and miss the sound of it.

I agree with him as to the "Magic of Huey Long and Father Coughlin dwindling away." That magic is like the combustion that we have been living on for over two years and a half. It is on the outside surface only, with pure 100 per cent. Americanism in the core ready to spread all over creation in 1936.

The common people are beginning to look upon Roosevelt as the man who put tax on their bread. L. F. MILLER.

Charleston, West Virginia.

Protest

Sir:—In the interest of trust and fair play, it would appear that before lending the prestige and sponsorship of your magazine to statements that accuse 50 per cent. of the "Hospitalized War Veterans" as being *gold-brickers* . . . including in its implication all government hospital officials as being party to and aiding in deception, violating their oaths of office, and other unethical practises to defraud the United States Government, you would have taken steps to assure yourself that the party whose name is signed to the charges was acting in good faith; and what is of vital importance, "COMPETENT" to make such charges and possessed the evidence to substantiate them.

We know that the statements are without foundation; in fact, that the charges of dishonesty and malignering imputed to veterans (with rare exceptions) are untrue; and that implications involving the personnel of the Veterans Administration in charge of hospital facilities is equally false. . . .

If any charge can be made at all, it might be said, some hospital authorities have been too stringent in some instances. It has always been the policy of the Disabled American Veterans of the World War to *play fair* with both the veteran and the Government.

Veteran organizations, as a whole, despise a *cheat*, and will not support claims of veterans that are based on false premises. We consider the question of "hospitalization" out of the realm of controversy, in that it is an obligation the nation owes to its War-disabled.

LOUIS T. GRANT,
Director of Civic Contact, Department of California, Disabled American Veterans.

San Francisco.

[Mr. Grant has reference to a letter from Len Foster which appeared in The Open Forum, August 24 issue of THE DIGEST. Letters which appear on The Open Forum page are not expressions of the Editor's opinions but only those of the writers themselves.—*Editor.*]

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Current Events

September 2.—President, on holiday at Hyde Park, New York, dictates vetoes for seven bills, most important being one which gives bonuses to 15,000 soldiers held in service in Philippines at conclusion of Spanish War.

William Green, speaking at Labor Day celebration in Canton, Ohio, says labor insists on thirty-hour week.

American crew, of *Walter C. Teagle*, Standard Shipping Co., wins ninth international life-boat race on Hudson.

Rockford (Ill.) Superintendent of Schools declares the "old battle-ax" type of teacher detrimental to good education, promises to hire attractive teachers in Rockford schools.

September 3.—Farm Administration says farmers will be asked to vote this fall on whether they want to continue a corn-hog adjustment program in 1936.

Four shots in riots at bitter Tampa, Florida, mayoralty election. Both factions have armed "watchers" at polls. National Guardsmen out.

Young Republican National Committee issues call for Constitution Day celebration in 2,000 counties on September 17, "to reawaken the public to a realization that the Constitution is as vitally alive to-day as it was in 1787."

Senate munitions investigators ask Justice and State Departments to aid in finding Anthony H. G. Fokker, noted aircraft-designer, wanted in regard to air-plane sales-transactions.

Ernest Henkel, sixty-two, ex-Comptroller of Metropolitan Opera Association in New York, dies on relief.

More than 1,000 aged persons jam Jackson County (Kansas City) Court-house on opening day for applications for Missouri old-age pensions.

September 4.—Believing the emergency peak to have been passed, President signs Executive order placing administrative expenses of the last seven recovery agencies under the Director of the Budget as of October 15.

Elliot Roosevelt resigns as First Vice President of the Texas Young Democrats, recommending his replacement by a native Texan.

Fokker found at Montauk, Long Island, by process-server, will appear before Nye's committee in two weeks.

President approves allocations from PWA and work-relief funds totaling $2,055,618 for forty-six non-Federal construction projects in twenty-two States.

Western Society of Dancing Masters, at annual meeting in San Francisco, introduces three-person dance as boon to wall-flowers.

Elmon C. Middleton, Harlan County, Kentucky, attorney, embroiled in political fight, is assassinated, as he had predicted, when bomb explodes in his automobile.

Movable property of Cotner College, at Lincoln, Nebraska, goes on auction-block to meet obligations which closed college two years ago.

September 5.—Examination in past fortnight of 30,000 unskilled home-relief clients in New York City for transfer to WPA projects reveals one-sixth, or between 5,000 and 6,000, too ill to work.

New York murderer of subway employee refuses to talk for police authorities, gives complete confession when confronted with newsreel sound-camera.

Blue Eagle dies officially as NRA issues administrative order canceling all Blue Eagle reproduction authorizations.

Col. Frank Knox, Chicago publisher, declares, in exchange of telegrams with Clyde M. Reed, former Governor of Kansas, that he is in favor of "some form of export bounty" for farmers.

Chairman Fletcher summons members of the Republican Executive Committee to meet in Washington on September 25 for early organization and intensification of Republican activities.

President vetoes bill amending grazing act because of provisions which Secretary Ickes reported would nullify the original result in the capture of most of the public domain by the States, and make it impossible to carry out conservation plans.

Denver Mint declares coin output to be seven times greater this year than last.

Gen. Evangeline Booth, of the Salvation Army, declares opening of world-wide war against sin, to continue until December 31, 1936.

Flyers make non-stop high-altitude flight from Kansas City to New York in five hours and forty minutes, averaging 233 miles an hour.

September 6.—Brig. Gen. Hugh S. Johnson, now Works Progress Administrator for New York City, addressing the Indiana Bar Association, said employment, despite business improvement, is worse than ever, and some revival of at least the principles of NRA is needed: "Public works are not doing the job, and will never do it."

To succeed James A. Moffett, who will become Vice President of the Standard Oil Company of California, President Roosevelt appointed Stewart McDonald as Federal Housing Administrator.

Gov. George H. Earle of Pennsylvania, speaking at a sports program, demanded the withdrawal of the United States team from the 1936 Berlin Olympic Games.

Troops sent again to Harlan, Kentucky, to guard against violence and fraud in the Democratic primaries.

September 7.—Edward L. Doheny, shambling ex-gold and silver prospector in the late 'nineties, and one of the most powerful men in the petroleum industry, died. He attained public notoriety in the "Teapot Dome Scandal."

After heated bickering and conferences, New York's three-day burlesque strike ended with a pay rise and one day off in every fourteen for the players.

Mrs. Justin Dart, only daughter of Charles R. Walgreen, millionaire drug-magnate and bitter foe of "red influences" at the University of Chicago, will enter the University.

September 8.—With heavy canvas curtains blanketing the windows, D. W. ("Tommy") Tomlinson flew "blind" his giant commercial transport-plane from Newark to Kansas City in seven hours, reckoning his position within a minute or two of accuracy.

Ten miles southeast of Atlantic City, Coast Guardsmen captured three American boats, a 153-ton Diesel British ship, twenty rum-runners, and 5,000 cases of liquor, valued at $200,000, the largest seizure since prohibition.

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Sounds as If He's Been Eating It Raw

—Herblock for NEA Service

Judgment

The five men arrested after the riot on July 26 at the pier of the Hapag-Lloyd Liner, *Bremen*, in which the swastika emblem at the liner's prow was torn down and thrown into the river, were discharged by Chief Magistrate Louis B. Brodsky on September 6. But, in his opinion, Magistrate Brodsky referred to the swastika as an emblem symbolizing all that is antithetical to American ideals, "a black flag of piracy."

Bolstered by the Nazi press, the German Government sent a diplomatic note in protest to the State Department, and Mr. Brodsky's indiscretion became an international incident.

With opinion diversified, the major note was expressed by the New York *Herald Tribune:* "We expect the American flag to be honored in a thousand foreign ports. . . . We lose our claim to such respect and indulgence for our colors . . . if officials in our country can, with impunity, use their judicial benches as soap-boxes from which to express highly inflammatory contempt for the national insignias of nations with which we are doing our best to live at peace."

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The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Inferno.—One of our readers says he went into Schrafft's the other day and had a "sizzling platter" of sole. On the way to the cashier's desk he happened to notice how the item was entered on his check: "1 sizzling soul."—*New Yorker.*

Vaudeville Comedian's Lament.—

I can not tell the old gags,
Which used to stop the show,
Because you hear them nightly
Upon your radio.

—*Boston Herald.*

Back to the Soil.—"There'll be one good thing when the season's over," remarked the farmer who took summer boarders. "I can shave this bunch of spinach off my chin and pull my trouser legs out of my boot."—*Portland Evening Express.*

Manners Make the Man.—CONDUCTOR—"Did you get home all right last night, sir?"

PASSENGER—"Of course; why do you ask?"

CONDUCTOR—"Well, when you got up and gave the lady your seat last night, you were the only two in the car."—*Wall Street Journal.*

Dramatic Criticism.—"His idea of how a he-man should be played is to throw out his chest three inches and slowly follow it across the stage."—*Judge.*

Pause.—A careful driver approached a railroad; he stopped, looked, and listened. All he heard was the car behind him crashing into his gas-tank.—*Boston Evening Transcript.*

Tory.—In a Rye, New Hampshire, barber-shop some masculinist has crossed out Special in the sign Special Attention to Women and Children, and substituted Too Much.—*New York Herald Tribune.*

Stumbling-Block. — PRISONER—"Judge, I don't know what to do."

JUDGE—"Why, how's that?"

PRISONER—"I swore to tell the truth but every time I try some lawyer objects."—*Montreal Gazette.*

Hard to Follow.—

"'Ow's yer Missis, George?"

"Oh, she be a-jawin' an' a-jawin', an' a-jawin'."

"Wot's she jawin' about?"

"Well, she don't say."—*Punch.*

Plenty.—"What would I get," inquired the man who had just insured his property against fire, "if this building should burn down to-night?" . . . "I would say," replied the insurance-agent, "about ten years."—*New York Post.*

Slips That Pass in the Type

The Powerful *Katrinka*.—They brought Miss ——— up to St. Luke's on an emergency trip when she developed a bad case of blood poisoning in her arm and hauled a couple of yachts off the sand shoals in the channel inside the breakwater.—*New Bedford (Mass.) paper.*

Many's the Acmwfy We've Et.—A feeble appetite is often tempted by a tastefully garnished carelessly acmwfy cmfw cmfwfw dish, hwen the same material carelessly served would seem quite unpalatable.—*Wenatchee (Wash.) paper.*

Pop, Goes Henrietta Street!—A. Z. complained to the police Henrietta Street is mischievous and has been running around.
has been running around.—*Pekin (Ill.) paper.*

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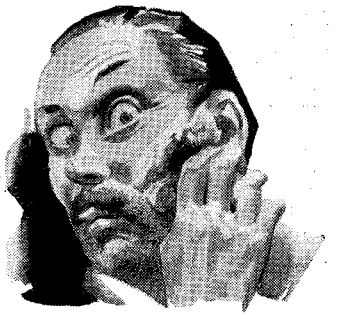

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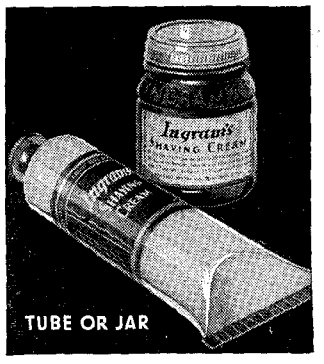

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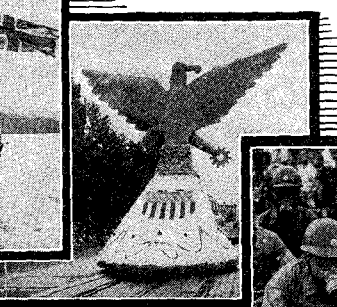

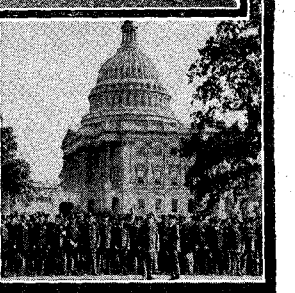

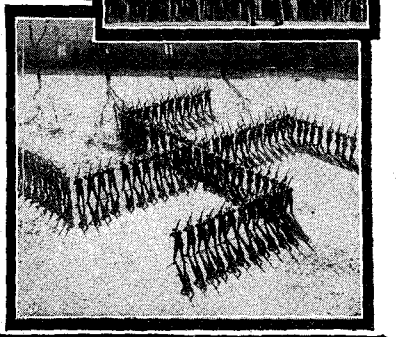

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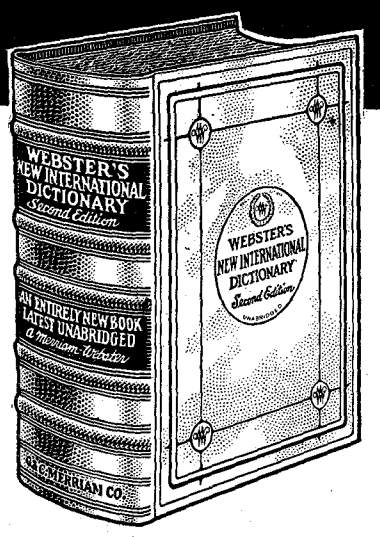

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